

# The Sketch

No. 891.—Vol. LXIX.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1910.

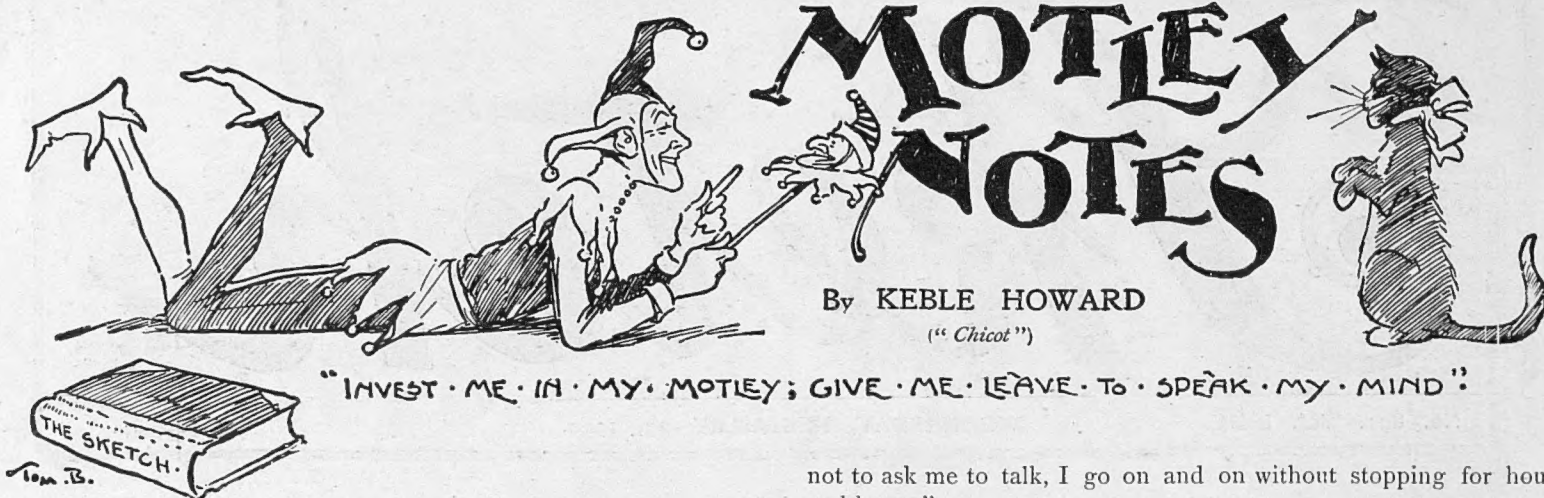
SIXPENCE.



**"ELEKTRA": MISS EDYTH WALKER AS ELEKTRA IN RICHARD STRAUSS'S  
MOST REMARKABLE OPERA.**

Richard Strauss's "Elektra" was produced at Covent Garden on Saturday last, when Mr. Thomas Beecham opened his Grand Opera season. Many believed that it would be a success of curiosity; but it was much more—it was a very genuine artistic success. The rôle of Elektra, admirably played by Miss Edyth Walker, is most exacting, for Richard Strauss spares none of his singers. Indeed, the American representative of Elektra, Mme. Mazarin, fainted after the first performance, and said that she quite expected to faint after every performance.—[Photograph by Bieber.]





MR. SHAW'S NEW PLAY.  
THE SAME AS BEFORE, ONLY MORE SO.  
AUTHOR'S OWN VIEWS.  
MANY CHARACTERISTIC BUT BRILLIANT UTTERANCES.  
ARISTOPHANES BEATEN TO RIBBONS.  
WHY THE CRITICS WILL NOT LIKE IT.  
BOOK EARLY AND BOOK OFTEN.  
(Special "Sketch" Interview—Unauthorised.)

LEARNING that Mr. Shaw's new play, "Misalliance," was down for production at the Repertory Theatre to-night (Wednesday), I thought it my duty (writes a representative of the *Sketch*, who found the job in the diary with his name against it) to endeavour to elicit some details from the celebrated author himself for the benefit of the readers of this Journal.

It was always difficult to get an interview with Mr. Shaw, whose reluctance to talk to the Press on any topic whatsoever, more particularly himself and his own writings, is common knowledge. Greatly to my surprise and delight, however, after dodging about after him for ten days, I managed to corner him for a few minutes.

"Don't talk to me about plays!" was his first characteristic exclamation. "The greater part of my time nowadays is taken up by politics. I am throwing myself into politics in real earnest."

#### WOLF-LIKE JAWS.

"You do not find your energies abated?" I asked, noting the snap of the lean, wolf-like jaws.

"Not a bit of it! On the contrary, the longer I live, the more I find I can talk. I can talk all day quite easily, and the best part of the night as well. It is wonderful. I don't suppose it ever happened to anybody before. Naturally, I am very delighted."

"It must do a great deal of good," I suggested.

"Good? Certainly not. It does incalculable harm. That is why I talk. I am a very dangerous fellow. I aim at the very foundations of society. In time, I shall talk them all away. Then we can begin all over again."

"I grasp the subtle meaning of your paradox."

"Do you? I don't. There's no such thing as a paradox. To be paradoxical nowadays is to make obeisance to Convention. I gave up being paradoxical at the age of six. But don't ask me to talk about my new play."

"Very well, Mr. Shaw. Are you speaking anywhere to-night?"

#### THE EVENING'S PROGRAMME.

"Yes. I am addressing mass meetings at Hoxton, Pimlico, Putney, Lambeth, Stratford, Bow, Kilburn, New Cross, Chelsea, Hammersmith, and Denmark Hill. I find that I have to move from hall to hall as the audiences become exhausted. The worst of it is that I am too highly trained for my audiences. They can only stand me for, say, a couple of hours. I could talk for six hours—or twelve, for that matter. Only don't ask me to talk about my new play that's coming on at the—"

"Certainly not. I shall respect your wishes. Could you not arrange your addresses on the two-houses-a-night plan?"

"We've tried that, but it doesn't work. They take too long getting out and getting in again. Besides, that would savour of the music-halls, and I hate the music-halls. The word "sketch" is abhorrent to me. (Nothing personal, you know.) It suggests brevity. My nature revolts against everything that suggests brevity. That is why in my new play, to be produced on Wednesday night at the Repertory Theatre, about which I beg of you

not to ask me to talk, I go on and on without stopping for hours and hours."

"I imagine that it will arouse a great deal of attention?"

"Not a bit of it. At any rate, I hope it won't. Personally, I am saying nothing whatever about it to anybody. I want the public to concentrate their attention on the other fellows who are writing for the Repertory Theatre. They are all much more brilliant than I am, although—and I beg of you not to print this—'Mrs. Warren's Profession' is breaking all records in Berlin. The name of my new play is—"

"You have great faith in the repertory system, Mr. Shaw?"

#### HOPES FOR FAILURE.

"None at all. I hope we shall fail—for the sake of the critics. I love the critics, and never lose an opportunity of saying nice things about them. Not that I read the notices they write of my plays! I'm far too busy to do that! But they speak so charmingly of Frohman—that wonderful man. By the way, talking of Frohman, the characters in my play will bore you to death. They will bore the critics to death. It is the most deplorably brilliant thing I have ever written. Nothing of Aristophanes can touch it. But I refuse, absolutely, to talk about it."

"You do not, of course, expect it to appeal to the general public?"

"On the contrary, it will certainly make the widest possible appeal. Unless you book at once, it will be impossible to obtain a seat before next year. I am not writing it for clever people. I wish the clever people would not come to my plays. I want only brilliant people to come to them. The general public are brilliant. They understand me because I am such a sentimentalist. The clever people think I am not a sentimentalist. I am. Of course, I shouldn't like you to say so in print, because it would make the box-office so busy. Mr. Mathews has more than enough to do as it is. What a delightful fellow!"

"But surely, Mr. Shaw," I said, greatly puzzled, "you are regarded as the leader of the intellectual school of playwrights?"

"Nothing of the sort. You're thinking of Barker. (What a magnificent chap!) I sprang into fame by refusing to be intellectual. The critics don't understand me because I am not intellectual. I am a very simple person, with very primitive ideas. That is why I shock the Lord Chamberlain. He takes a distorted view of my work. But we've tricked him this time. My new play is so long that Mr. Redford hadn't time to read it. It couldn't be done for the money. And yet every line is a master-stroke of humour, subtlety, intelligent observation, literary distinction. Don't print that."

#### THE ACTING.

"And now just a word, Mr. Shaw, if you don't mind, about the acting."

"I do mind. I won't tell you anything about the acting. It will be superb, but wild horses would not compel me to say so. All the most brilliant actors and actresses in London will appear in my play. I have rehearsed them myself. I leave nothing to anybody else. All the rehearsing done hitherto has been utterly wrong. We are going to change all that. We are going to change everything. And now I am going to change my clothes."

"Just one word more," I pleaded, after laughing heartily at this unexpected and characteristic flash of humour. "Is it your intention to write any more plays?"

"That depends upon the response to this one. If the critics praise this one, I shall not write any more. On the other hand, if they abuse me, as they have invariably done on other occasions, I shall write and write until I drop."

With this characteristic utterance, the perverse but brilliant man hurried away.



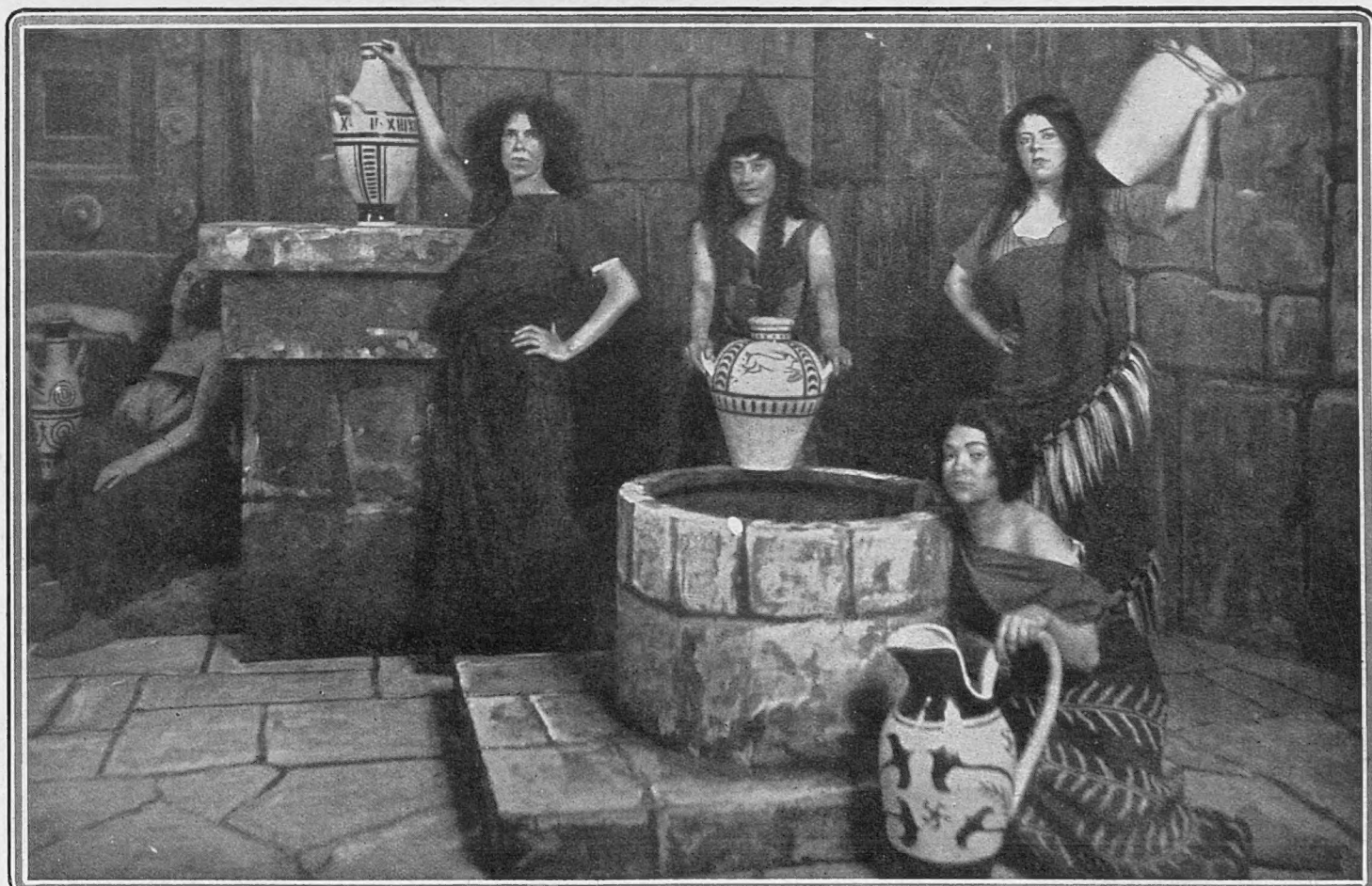
# "ELEKTRA," AT COVENT GARDEN:

SCENES FROM THE GREAT PRODUCTION.



A COURTYARD IN MYKENE: A SCENE FROM RICHARD STRAUSS'S "ELEKTRA."

Above, Mr. Wirk, the stage-manager; and Miss Edyth Walker, who played "Elektra."

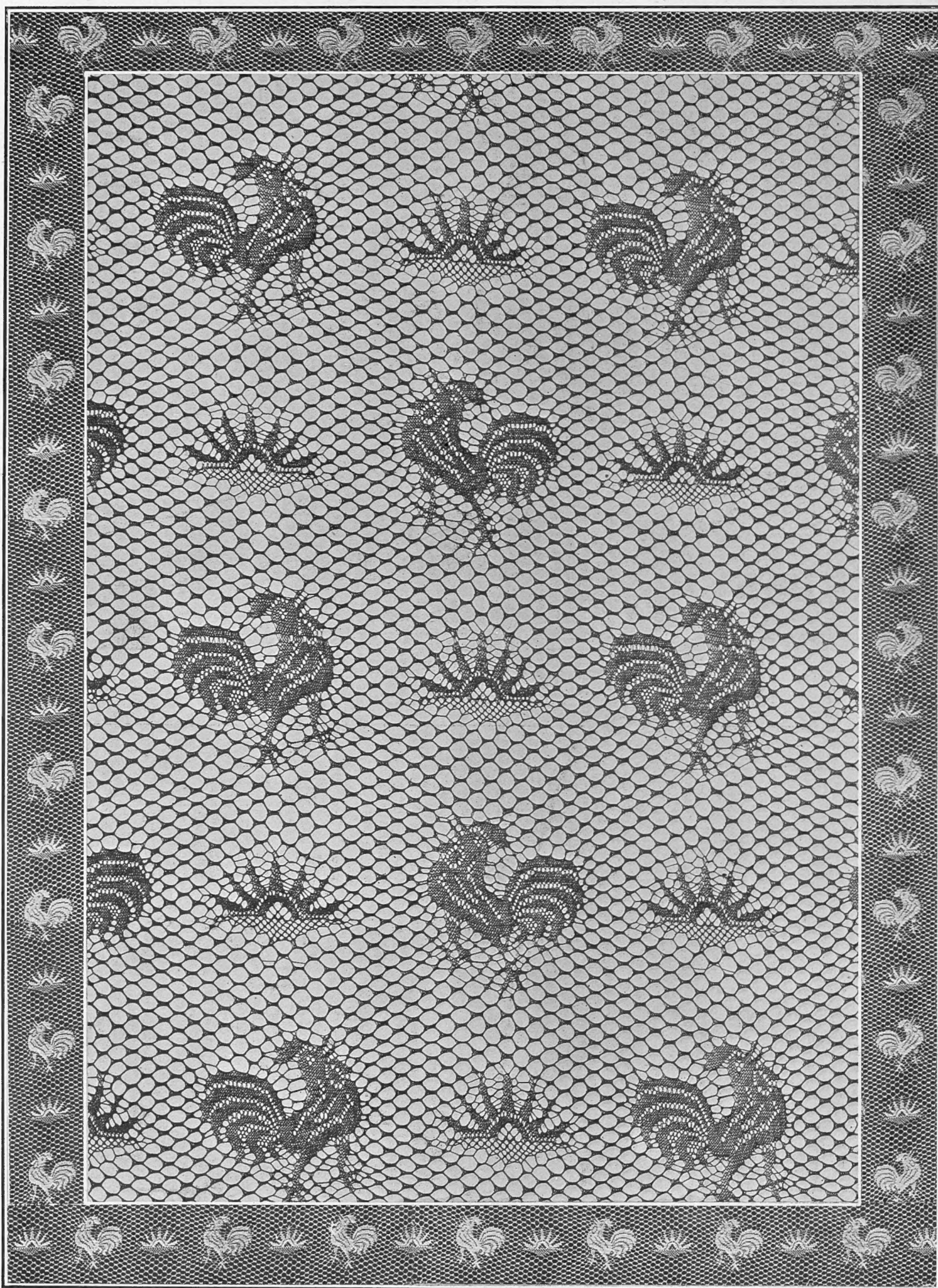


THE GREAT PRODUCTION OF "ELEKTRA": SOME OF THE PLAYERS.

Richard Strauss's "Elektra" had its first production in England on Saturday last, when Mr. Thomas Beecham began his season of Grand Opera at Covent Garden. Enormous interest in the occasion had been aroused by preliminary talk and paragraphs. That the interest was justified was everywhere apparent at the closing of the performance, and even those who were not in agreement with the composer's methods were bound to admit their value.—[Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.]



## FOR THE LADY BIRDS: THE COCORICO VEIL?



1/401 48/405

QUITE AN IDEA TO CROW ABOUT: THE "CHANTECLER" VEIL.

We have already illustrated the "Chantecler" hats, those most excellent sequels to the production of Rostand's animal play. We are now able to reproduce (somewhat reduced) a piece of the new "Chantecler" veiling, or, if we may suggest another name, the "Cocorico." It will be noted that the design includes not only the cock but the rising sun.

We should point out that only the middle part of the picture is the veil itself. The border does not belong to it, being only placed there for effect.

*Reproduced by Courtesy of Messrs. Chas. Wert and Co., Great Marlborough Street, W.*



ALL THE WINNERS! THE WATERLOO CUP,  
THE WATERLOO PLATE, AND THE WATERLOO PURSE.



1. THE GRUELLING SEMI-FINAL COURSE, IN WHICH FULL STEAM BEAT CALABASH, BUT WAS SO EXHAUSTED THAT HE WAS WITHDRAWN FROM THE DECIDING HEAT.
2. BACK TO THE LAND AND HOSTAGE, WHICH DIVIDED THE WATERLOO PLATE.
3. SINCERE AND SOLWAY FERRY, WHICH DIVIDED THE WATERLOO PURSE.
4. FULL STEAM RETURNING FROM THE SEMI-FINAL, WHICH SO EXHAUSTED HIM.
5. THE WINNER OF THE WATERLOO CUP: MR. S. HILL-WOOD'S HEAVY WEAPON.
6. MR. S. HILL-WOOD, OWNER OF HEAVY WEAPON.
7. FULL STEAM ATTENDED TO BY HIS TRAINER AFTER THE SEMI-FINAL, IN WHICH HE RAN TO A STANDSTILL.
8. ON THE FINALS DAY: THE CROWD WATCHING THE COURSING.

On the night of the draw Heavy Weapon's starting price was 1000 to 120. The Waterloo Cup carries with it a £100 cup given by Lord Sefton. The event is for sixty-four subscribers, at £25 each. The winner receives £500, the second £200, two dogs £50 each, four dogs £30 each, eight dogs £20 each, and sixteen dogs £10 each. The balance of the money (£360) goes to the Waterloo Plate and the Waterloo Purse—£145 to the former, £215 to the latter.—[Photographs by Sports Co., Halfpence, and G.P.U.]



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 loss, damage, destruction, or detention of manuscripts,  
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 name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches  
 of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on  
 each photograph or drawing.

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 to Jan. 5, 1910) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any  
 Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.

**GENERAL NOTES.**

**M**ORE than four hundred guests were present, at the invitation  
 of the Council of the forthcoming Japan-British Exhibition,  
 at a dinner given at the Hotel Cecil a day or two ago to  
 meet his Excellency the Japanese Ambassador and Mr. H. Wada, the  
 Commissioner-General of the Japanese Government. The Duke of  
 Norfolk, as President of the Exhibition, occupied the chair. Among  
 the guests were the other Japanese Commissioners—Count Mutsu,  
 Mr. V. Beppu, and Mr. N. Kanyaki. Lord Strathcona and the  
 Lord Mayor, Sir John Kuill, were also present, among a number of  
 other distinguished men of both countries, including the chief of  
 the Exhibition executive, Mr. Imre Kiralfy. After the healths of the  
 King and the Mikado had been drunk, speeches followed, and the  
 Duke of Norfolk said that "in thus cementing the friendship of  
 two great peoples they were doing that which could not but bear  
 fruit of a lasting kind." The Japanese Ambassador, in his reply,  
 also referred to the importance of the exhibition "in bringing  
 closer together the two island empires."

The Chelsea Arts Club Annual Costume Ball will be held this  
 year at the Royal Albert Hall on Wednesday, March 2. The  
 large floor, on which three thousand people can dance, will  
 be used, and this will be covered with a parquet dancing-floor.  
 Everyone must wear fancy dress of some kind, but Court dress and  
 uniforms are allowed. The loggia and grand tier boxes are nearly all  
 let, many of them being engaged for supper-parties. Tables will also  
 be laid in the gallery for eight hundred. There are this year twenty-five  
 rendezvous, and a space is left on the programmes to indicate under  
 which sign one is to meet partners. The demand for tickets, which  
 can only be obtained from members of the club, is unprecedented,  
 although last year all the tickets were allotted two weeks before the  
 date of the ball. The expenses are necessarily very great, but the  
 surplus will benefit artists' charities. The Hon. Sec. is G. Sherwood  
 Foster, Chelsea Arts Club.

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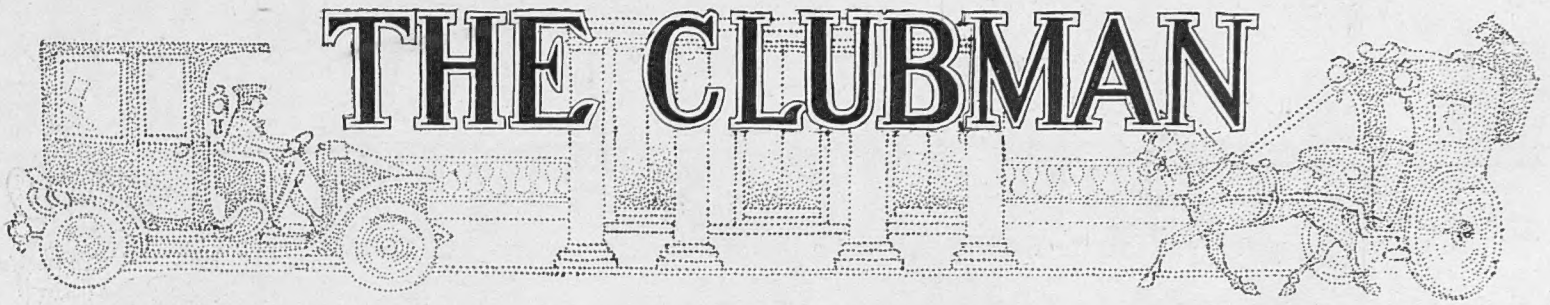
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### The "Dreadnought" Hoax.

The sham Abyssinian princes were shown over the *Dreadnought* just as any real princes would have been. The Admiralty, naturally, is not pleased that naval officers should have been hoaxed in this manner, but the danger that any visitor, by means of a disguise and a forged telegram, can view the secrets of our machinery and guns is non-existent. No man, not even the keenest expert, can learn anything of importance from the cursory inspection which is all that any visitor is allowed on board ship or in our arsenals. The taste of the joke is another matter, and if naval officers are in future over-cautious in showing hospitality to distinguished strangers, the visitors will have to thank the young men who planned the joke for any restrictions put upon them.



ROYALTY ON THE BEACH: PRINCE HENRY OF WALES AT BROADSTAIRS. Prince Henry, who is ten, has been having an excellent time at Broadstairs, working with spade and pail on the sands. It was arranged that he should stay at York Gate House, Sir Francis Laking's residence.

Photograph by Sports Co.

shown all the sights of the town and the University, before it was found that the Sultan's brown complexion was put on with a brush.

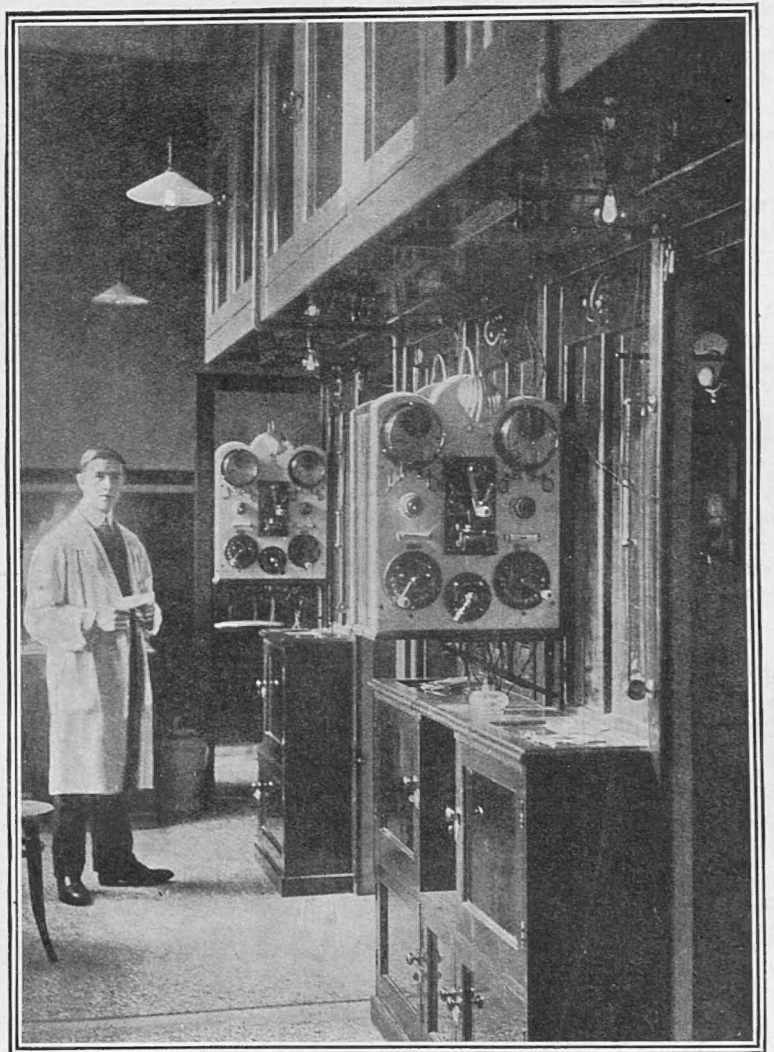
### Other Cambridge Hoaxes.

Cambridge undergraduates are not allowed in the boxes of the theatre unless in the company of ladies. The beautiful maiden who accompanied one party of young men to the theatre and sat in the forefront of a box was really one of the undergraduates who played women's parts with the A.D.C., for one custom of that society is that only men may take part in its performances. The appearance of Mrs. Carrie Nation at Cambridge was another undergraduate joke, and I believe that the representative of the spectacled temperance reformer paid for his humour by a temporary absence from the University. A quite harmless little hoax on the College porters dates back some tens of years. A clever actor, who has relinquished the stage for authorship, took a brother undergraduate round the colleges, the second undergraduate being disguised as a very elderly gentleman, who was supposed to be visiting Cambridge for the first time. His guide showed him each college, the porter being always in the neighbourhood in case his services might be required. The information poured into the ears of the elderly gentleman was appallingly wrong; no college was called by its right name, celebrities who were never at Cambridge at all were said to have inhabited particular rooms; and great public events, such as the beheading of Mary Queen of Scots and the burning of the Bishop Martyrs, were described as having taken place in quiet quadrangles which had never made history. All this became too much for the porters to bear, and each man, in his turn, felt bound to break in upon the conversation and contradict the guide. Each porter was gravely informed that he knew nothing about the history of his college, and that all the events described really had happened, the old gentleman, for his part, begging the worthy servitors not to spoil for him one of the most enjoyable days of his life.

### A Zulu Chief.

The joke is not always on the side of the impersonators, as a mock Zulu chief discovered in the 'eighties. A young soldier officer and two naval ones, all three of whom had been in Zululand, knew something of the language and had brought back the cow-tails and ostrich-feathers and big shields and assegais which form the major part of the dancing costume of a Zulu. One of them went as a noble Zulu to a fancy-

dress ball, and it occurred to him that he would surprise some of his friends, who had a dinner-party that night, by making a sudden appearance amongst them. The driver of the hansom-cab who drove the Zulu was very doubtful concerning his fare, especially as the Zulus then on exhibition at the Aquarium had been giving a good deal of trouble, and some of them had deserted and were at large in London. The sham Zulu made his sensation by a wild entry into the drawing-room, where the members of the party were assembled after dinner; but there happened to be another practical joker in that room. He slipped downstairs unobserved, went outside, and interviewed the cabman. He told the cabman, already uncomfortable concerning his fare, that he had been engaged by the most dangerous of the runaway Zulus, who was going round to various houses frightening the inmates and attempting blackmail. He advised the cabman, when the Zulu once more entered his cab, to pay no attention whatever to anything he might say, for he talked quite tolerable English, but to drive him at full speed to the Aquarium, and to hand him over to the policemen at the doors there. The Zulu, very pleased with himself, got into the cab and gave the address of the house where the ball was. No sooner was the savage seated than the cabman whipped up his horse and drove at full gallop to the Aquarium, entirely disregarding the very British bad language which was directed at him through the little trap in the top of the cab. Explanations, of course, occurred when the Aquarium was reached, and the Zulu got to his fancy ball, though he arrived quite late at night.



GUARDING AGAINST THE TERRIBLE DANGERS OF A CURE: THE X-RAY SAFETY-ROOM AT THE LONDON HOSPITAL.

The X-rays, invaluable as they are in the curing of certain diseases, have proved also to be a considerable danger to operators, as witness the cases of Dr. Hall Edwards and Mr. Harry Cox. Thus has come into being this safety-room for X-ray treatment. The patient is so protected that the light can reach only the desired point, the X-ray tube being practically surrounded by a shield of Bohemian lead glass, which the rays cannot penetrate. Once the patient is in position, the operator leaves the room, and then only can the current be turned on. Should the operator seek to enter the room again, the mere opening of the door cuts off the current, so that he cannot possibly come under the influence of the rays. The patient is observed through windows of Bohemian lead glass. The "woodwork" consists of two layers of half-inch boards with two sheets of lead and iron between them.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



# CUFF COMMENTS

WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

By WADHAM PEACOCK.

## NEVER AGAIN.

(Legally speaking, the mussel is a wild animal, because it has never been tamed.)

Mussel, guileful-hearted mussel,  
Slumb'ring sweetly in the ooze,  
Never waking, never turning,  
In thy sempiternal snooze,  
Can it be that though thou seemest  
Unemotional and mild,  
Thou art justly known as "ferox,"  
Or, in vulgar English, "wild"?

Carelessly have I pursued thee  
On a slowly falling tide,  
Quite unarmed, with no revolver,  
With no sabre at my side.  
Now I know thy savage nature  
I shall never dare,  
With my former reckless valour,  
Beard thee in thy tiger's lair.



Hints for young poets. M. Edmond Rostand wears a black jacket-suit, and is very careful about the crease in his trousers. He sports patent-leather boots, with grey-cloth tops. He carries a black-silk handkerchief sticking out of his breast-pocket, and his hands in his side-pockets. So now all you have to do is to buy black-silk handkerchiefs and write poetic pantomimes like "Chantecler."

The latest Bulgarian atrocity. Drinking billions of Bulgarian bacilli for the sour-milk cure.

The new First Sea Lord of the Admiralty will in future have only one chair in his room in Whitehall, and he will sit in that himself. This is to prevent casual visitors dropping in for a rest and a gossip. Sir A. K. Wilson is now known as the One-chair, not the Arm-chair, Admiral.

Meanwhile, the French First Sea Lord has decided that the modern battle-ship is "too old at twenty." This is rash of him, considering how the "too old at forty" myth has been exploded for men. Last week saw the birthdays of no fewer than five grand old men, all over eighty and all going strong.

And as for women, the disappearance of the middle-aged woman is a marked sign of the period, says a ladies' paper.

There are no women of forty now; they are all either thirty or seventy. After all, years are a mere arbitrary impertinence.

The Poetry Recital Society is giving a dinner to the descendants of famous poets of yesterday. It is very thoughtful of us to give to the descendants what their own generation too often refused to the poets themselves.



Sir R. Ball, in order to allay the alarms of timid people, says that no danger is to be apprehended from the comet next May, as its tail could be packed in a portmanteau. The immediate

result of this pronouncement was a Stock Exchange headline, "Grand Trunks intensely excited." All of them wanting to get the surprise packet, no doubt.

The traffic of the mightiest city in the world, says a contemporary, is held up while a man, often a foreigner, halts on the highway to sell two bananas for a penny to an office-boy. And five minutes later the traffic is again held up while a middle-aged gentleman performs an involuntary Highland fling on the discarded skin.

We must certainly give up looking upon the Kaiser as a mere youth. In his speech to the Pioneer Guards he spoke of the time when he was "still a young man, and had just come to the throne." He ought to know.

Those who wish to have a real command of the English language should study the telegrams sent out by the agencies. It is stated by one of them that the ex-Sultan was prevented from committing suicide by a servant, and that thereupon he turned round and "lacerated the man's finger with his teeth." Now, the mere, ordinary, uninspired person would have said that the Sultan "bit" him.

The eccentricities of genius. A man has been sentenced to penal servitude for stealing a lectern out of a church. He must have been a relative of the too lively undergraduate who informed an astonished college that he would be happy to tell them what Moses said if only the wretched duck would stand still.

## THE CHANTECLER HAT.

(The Chantecler hat, with a cock's plumage extending all over the back of the hat, threatens to spread from Paris to London.)

When Rostand wrote "Cyrano,"  
Coquelin's nose

Was enthroned as the popular  
passion;

But now, what with Chantecler, pheasants, and such,

The farmyard is getting the fashion.  
Still, however absurd woman's head  
may appear

With a bird's nest and rooster  
upon it,

It must be admitted a bird in her hat  
Is no worse than a bee in her  
bonnet.



The Paris fashions which preceded "Chantecler" and the floods are now known as antediluvian.

At last! At last! "The future of the laundry trade rests upon the broad principle that it is best to wash clothes, as far as possible, with soap, and not with alkalis," says a trade paper. The clear white light of truth is at last dawning upon the washerwomen. The shirt-wearing man has known this for ages. Also that the edges of collars and cuffs should, as far as possible, not be ornamented in arabesques with a jack-file.





# HEARTS OF HOAX ARE OUR MEN: THE "DREADNOUGHT'S" OWN "PRINCES."



1 AND 3. THE "IMPERIAL ORDER OF ETHIOPIA," WHICH WAS OFFERED TO ONE OF THE OFFICERS BY PRINCE MAKALEN, CHIEF OF THE "ABYSSINIAN PRINCES" WHO VISITED THE "DREADNOUGHT," AND WERE RECEIVED WITH DUE HONOURS AS DISTINGUISHED FOREIGN GUESTS.

2 THE "ABYSSINIAN PRINCES" AS THEY APPEARED ON THE OCCASION OF THE CAMBRIDGE HOAX, WHEN THEY VISITED THE MAYOR AS THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR AND SUITE.

4. THE "ABYSSINIAN PRINCES" AS THEY APPEARED ABOARD THE "DREAD NOUGHT," WITH THEIR "INTERPRETER" AND THEIR "FOREIGN OFFICE ATTACHÉ"—FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, PRINCE SANGANYA (THE LADY OF THE PARTY), PRINCE MANDOK, HERR GEORGE KAUFMANN (THE GERMAN INTERPRETER), PRINCE MAKALEN (CHIEF OF THE PRINCES), PRINCE MAKAEAL GOLEN, AND MR. HERBERT CHOLMONDLEY, THE FOREIGN OFFICE ATTACHÉ.

It is likely to be many days before the great "Dreadnought" hoax is forgotten. So much has been written about it that there is little need for us to say much on the subject here, save that the other day the battle-ship "Dreadnought," flag-ship of the Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet, received a visit from some supposed Abyssinian princes, a German interpreter, and a Foreign Office attaché. The party were received with the usual courtesies accorded to distinguished visitors, and were shown over the vessel. Later it was discovered that they were English people, with stained faces and in elaborate make-up. One of the princes was a lady. Wisely, the party went aboard late in the afternoon, when the light was beginning to fail.—[Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau and Lafayette.]



# SMALL TALK

THE KING'S Levée on March 1 will be a brilliant spectacle, for it is a decreed Collar day, when Knights of the Orders must appear in all their panoply of Collars, Badges, and Stars. Luckily, one inconvenience does not exist to-day which marked certain Victorian functions, where so many Volunteer officers came to grief in retiring backwards, through their unaccustomed swords getting between their unaccustomed legs, that their dignity, as well as the royal gravity, was sadly shaken. The swords are now looped up for such occasions.

Byron at the Board. Lady Anne Blunt, the granddaughter of Byron, is in Egypt, and Lady Wentworth, his great-granddaughter, is at Madeira, so that the banquet to the descendants of poets must be without the delightful presence of either of these ladies. But another great-granddaughter, the Hon. Mrs. Neville Lytton, is no farther away than Sussex, and possibly she might be persuaded to join Lady Margaret Sackville's revels. Were Mrs. Lytton's eldest son of an age to cope with a club dinner, his presence would be in particular request, for in himself he would represent three poets — Byron, his mother's great-grandfather; the Earl of Lytton, his father's father; and his mother's father, Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, author of the "Sonnets of Proteus."



ENGAGED TO MR. HENRY N. FANE; THE HON. HARRIET FORBES - TREFUSIS, ELDER DAUGHTER OF LORD CLINTON. The Hon. Harriet Forbes-Trefusis and her sister are co-heiresses to the Barony. Miss Forbes-Trefusis is twenty-three. Mr. Henry N. Fane, of Boyton Manor, Wilts, is the only son of the late Sir Edmund Douglas Fane, K.C.M.G.

Photograph by Lafayette.

Welsh miners were by one account those of a strong, and by another those of a merely obstinate, old man. Things change quickly; and the present Peer has heard an unwonted sound—the cheers of his great horde of workers, a deserved tribute to the inherited kindness of his nature. His sister's Municipal Reforming is another instance of the changed outlook wrought in a family in a single generation.

The Royal House. The Ideal Home Exhibition does not exactly hope to cater for the needs of the Ideal Palace, nor to solve the domestic difficulties of those who live, in Queen Alexandra's phrase, "behind Goring's." Nevertheless, Princess Christian is deeply interested in it, and she has consented to perform the opening ceremony at Olympia on April 8. The ideal home should, it seems, be within reach not only of immoderate, but of all moderate incomes. To

this end, even the Prince of Wales has advanced the science of comfortable and economical living; and his fireplace for small dwellings, where the kitchen is next to the dining-room, is the ingenious product of an inventive skill not mothered by necessity. By an arrangement of shutters, the fire that has warmed the dinner may be switched off to warm the diners.



MR. EUSTACE CLAUD SAVILE AND MISS ANDERSON, WHOSE MARRIAGE IS TO TAKE PLACE TO-MORROW (THE 24TH.)

Mr. Savile is the son of Colonel Savile, C.B., of Rodney Place, Clifton. Miss Anderson is the elder daughter of the late Major J. W. Anderson, Indian Cavalry, and Mrs. Anderson, of Imperial Square, Cheltenham. The marriage will take place at St. Mary's, Cheltenham. — [Photographs by Eves and Macnaughten.]



"MRS. WIGGS" DAUGHTER TO MARRY: MISS ELEANOR ROBSON, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MR. AUGUST BELMONT.

Miss Robson, who has left the stage on her engagement, was born in England in 1880, and is the daughter of Mrs. Madge Carr-Cook, who made such a "hit" here in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Miss Robson herself has been seen here as the heroine of Mr. Zangwill's "Merely Mary Ann." She has considerable literary and artistic gifts. — [Photograph by L. L. Roush.]



MISS MADGE TITHERADGE AND MR. CHARLES QUARTERMAINE, WHO ARE TO BE MARRIED ON THE 8TH OF NEXT MONTH.

Playgoers and players are much interested in the forthcoming marriage of that pretty young actress Miss Madge Titheradge to that most able young actor Mr. Charles Quartermaine. At the moment Mr. Quartermaine is playing Don (which he created) at the Kingsway.

Photographs by Ellis and Watery and Dover Street Studios.

Lord Poltimore's "flu" continues to pay its calls

without consideration of times, places, or persons, and Lord Poltimore was stricken at Poltimore Park just when he most wanted to be in London. The marriage of his son and heir, Mr. George Bampfylde, which has been fixed for March 10 at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, becomes, in the face of serious illness, an unstable date.

Miss Lascelles, the lady most concerned, is a niece of Lord Harewood, and the daughter of the Deputy-Surveyor of the New Forest, and has lived surrounded by English oaks in the King's House at Lyndhurst, the perquisite of the surveyorship.

Windfalls and the Exchequer.

Lord Fingall's case, as the heir of a fortune from a stranger, may well set thinking a greedy Chancellor of the Exchequer. Should there not, he may ask, be some special rate of taxation for money inherited from a man the pleasure of whose very acquaintance has been denied to the beneficiary? There might be one rate in regard to the bequest of a man you knew by sight, another for that of one with whom you were on nodding terms, and so on. Lord Fingall's windfall of £12,000 might be reduced to one half. But even so!



TO MARRY MISS ELEANOR ROBSON: MR. AUGUST BELMONT, THE WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN BANKER.

Mr. Belmont was the financial promoter of the New York underground railway system. He is fifty-seven, a widower, and the father of three sons. His first wife was a daughter of Mr. Edward Morgan. She died twelve years ago.

Photograph by Alman.

A New Barts' Hospital. There are nearly seventy gentlemen who will read the

new official Roll of Baronetage with considerable diffidence — the men by whom the rank has been assumed, or is claimed, on questionable grounds. Owing to lax methods, or the complete absence of any documentary evidence, of creation, many a case is "doubtful." Even an ancient assumption, such as that of Sir James Swale, may yet give considerable trouble to the present assumer and to the Kings of Arms; "Barts' Hospital" is the new name for the office responsible for the patching together of the claims, reasonable and unreasonable, to a place on the Roll.



## THE MODERN DOCTOR JOHNSON!



THE MOST PARADOXICAL OF PENMEN: MR. G. K. CHESTERTON.

Mr. Chesterton, though still four years on the right side of forty, has quite a number of claims to fame, not the least of them being his "Our Note-Book" in "The Illustrated London News." Of all the paradoxical penmen, he is the most paradoxical. He was educated at St. Paul's School; later, attended classes at the Slade; then began to review art-books for the "Bookman" and the "Speaker." His subsequent work is so well known that there is no need for us to catalogue it.

FROM THE DRAWING BY ALFRED PRIEST, EXHIBITED AT THE MODERN SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS' EXHIBITION IN PICCADILLY.



# CROWNS CORONETS COURTIER

"THE KING shook hands with his host on leaving Brighton." So say the reporters, as if his Majesty might, on the other hand, have forgotten the formality. But the phrase does not give a true impression of the King's mastery of the gentle art of making friends. In accepting the hospitality of a commoner in a small house, his Majesty would have put too great a strain upon his host, and on himself, had he not given full play to the sense of camaraderie that is all his own. How unrestrained was the table-talk at Brighton may be gauged by one of the several—and several—stories that travelled thence to town. Someone spoke of the strength of character indicated by a large nose. "And yours, Arthur, proves the rule," said the King, with a smile, to his host. "Of course!" put in M. de Soveral, toying with an antique spoon of great worth; "his nose is big because of the sums that are paid through it."

*An Impromptu.* King's speeches being in the air, it is well to recall the excellent story of George IV., who, taking his duties very lightly and his bets very seriously, wagered he would introduce the words, "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep" into

whose husband was Minister to Prussia at the time, states that the life of the present Kaiser lay very much in the balance at his birth. At first they thought he had come into the world without life—only think of it! But by artificial inflation of his lungs he gained his breath—and kept it. So that a little later Countess Pauline Neall describes Prince Henry's imperial brother as a very blooming infant, "with a beautiful complexion, pink and white, and the most lovely little hand ever seen."

## The Chairless Apartment.

The story of the new First Sea Lord having ordered the removal of all chairs from his private room, except the one he uses, has recalled the standing story of Lord Hill, Commander-in-Chief. He, too, had only one chair. When a lady called to petition him in the interest of some relative he gave her the chair, and stood. The consequence was that his visitor felt like a usurper, and uncomfortable at that, and soon left. But the new Sea Lord need not hark back so far for a fellow-feeling in regard to brief interviews. The last occupant of the chairless room also had a short way with callers. Lord Fisher patted over his desk a



MR. HORACE KEMBLE AND MRS. KEMBLE (FORMERLY MISS NINA ABERCROMBY) WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE YESTERDAY (THE 22ND). Mr. Kemble, of the Scots Guards, is the only son of Major Kemble, of Knock Broadfoot, Isle of Skye. Mrs. Kemble is the elder daughter of the late Sir Robert Abercromby, Bt., and the Countess of Northbrook.

Photographs by Mayall and Esme Collings.



TO MARRY MR. F. V. SCHUSTER: MISS LUCY EDITH SKENE.

Miss Skene is the third daughter of Mr. W. B. Skene, of Hallyards and Pitlour, Treasurer of Christ Church, Oxford, and granddaughter of the late Very Rev. H. G. Liddell, Dean of Christ Church.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.



WIFE OF THE NEW UNIONIST WHIP: LADY MORPETH.

Photograph by Whitlock and Sons.



WIFE OF THE NEW POSTMASTER-GENERAL: MRS. HERBERT SAMUEL.

Photograph by F. A. Swaine.



TO MARRY MISS L. E. SKENE: MR. FELIX VICTOR SCHUSTER.

Mr. Schuster is the only son of Sir Felix Schuster, Bt., the well-known banker and merchant, who is the Governor of the Union of London and Smith's Bank, a member of the Council of India, and of the firm of Schuster, Son, and Co.—[Photo. by Beresford.]

the weightiest portion of the King's Speech, and did so without provoking a smile or a surprised look on any countenance. An almost similar exploit of Kean's belongs to the annals of the stage. One night, in the middle of a performance, he forgot his part, and substituted a passage from Milton's "L'Allegro." So great was the force of his acting, and the persuasion of his gestures, that none of his audience boggled at the change! Evidently the man in the stalls did not know his Milton. But what actor to-day could take the part of Kean in that unprepared recitation?

## Our German Guest.

Prince Henry of Prussia, who came in for the major part of his father's affection and fortune—"You at least have never given me a moment's sorrow," was the Emperor Frederick's testimonial—came also, according to one account, very near to succeeding to his throne. Lady Blomfield,



CAPTAIN CHARLES HOWARD MARSDEN AND MISS EVELYN COOPER-KEY, WHO ARE TO BE MARRIED ON THE FIRST OF NEXT MONTH. Captain Marsden is Assistant Instructor at the School of Musketry, Hythe, and is the eldest son of the Rev. Maurice H. Marsden, of Moreton Rectory, Dorchester. Miss Cooper-Key is the youngest daughter of the late Admiral Sir Astley Cooper-Key.—[Photos. by Val L'Estrange.]

large notice to the effect that "Business is business, so please state your business in a business-like way." If necessary, Lord Fisher said the rest—and the visitor went!

*Rolls and the Roller.* On Saturday Lord Llangatock kept his birthday; to-morrow, when the Princess of Wales attends the dramatic entertainment arranged by Lady Llangatock at The Lodge, Rutland Gate, he will already have forgotten that he is seventy-three. Lord and Lady Llangatock are old friends of the Prince and Princess, who have visited them at The Hendre, the family seat in Monmouth. It is there that the Llangatock lawns have grown accustomed to the vast toys of a son of the house; but now that the Hon. C. S. Rolls is an accomplished aviator, they must expect to be cut up with propellers instead of being bounced upon by balloons. In any case, Mr. Rolls may be confidently expected to undo what the roller has accomplished.



## (A) BABY MINE: WOMEN AS SMUGGLERS.



1. (A) BABY MINE: AN INFANT THAT HELD MUCH JEWELLERY—AS IT APPEARED WHEN THE CUSTOMS OFFICIALS FIRST SAW IT.

3. PEARLS BEFORE—CUSTOMS OFFICIALS: A ROPE OF THE GEMS THAT WERE COVERED BY THICK COILS OF THE HAIR.

5. APPARENT INNOCENCE: THE SALVATION ARMY GIRL ENTERS THE EXAMINATION ROOM.

2. (A) BABY MINE: THE WAX HEAD OF THE INFANT WHOSE BODY WAS MADE UP CHIEFLY OF VALUABLE JEWELLERY.

4. THE MOST EXPENSIVE HAT ON RECORD, SHOWING HOW THE JEWELLERY IT WAS SOUGHT TO SMUGGLE WAS FASTENED INSIDE IT.

6. PROOF OF GUILT: THE CONTENTS OF THE BONNET REVEALED TO THE OFFICIALS.

Many and ingenious are the ways of the woman smuggler, especially the smuggler of jewellery. Some of her methods (those favoured in America) are here illustrated. It should be pointed out that the lady shown is merely posing to illustrate the subject.—[Photographs by P. F. Press Bureau.]



# THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

## A Play with a Purpose.

After the other new plays of 1910, it was a treat to see Lady Bell's drama, "The Way the Money Goes," which was produced by the Stage Society, for we had a piece entitled to sincere respect as a work of art, although the dramatist has ventured into the dangerous domain of plays with a purpose. It is possible to find fault with the extravagance of the furniture-pawning episode, and to express curiosity as to how it came about that Mrs. Holroyd had lived for years in North Street without learning anything of the habits and wiles of the street "bookie" and the tally-man; but these are minor matters. The major is that we had a play interesting throughout, if a little too leisurely in the first act, thrilling towards the close, and always attractive because of the truth and strength in the character-drawing. Lady Bell paints people that she knows, using, of course, the exaggerations of light and shade demanded by the optics of the stage, and after the first few minutes we were keenly interested in their fortunes, and the more keenly because we never doubted their existence. In the case of most plays of the year—or, indeed, of the 1909-10 season—we have never doubted their non-existence. Mrs. Holroyd's struggle against a little feminine weakness for a gorgeous mirror and against the human temptation to gamble; her fall; her struggle against the debts caused by the fall, and her terror as to what will happen when her husband—a laborious, economical, unselfish, rather hard, good man—learns the fact that his wife owes twenty-eight pounds seven shillings, form a really tragic picture. The smaller characters—the husband who, making a great effort against his nature, forgives his wife; a foolish, pretty niece, with a gambling husband; poor Mrs. Riggs, who loves a "flutter," and is always in difficulties with her twenty-eight-shillings-a-week exchequer—are all living people.

## True Drama and Admirable Acting.

Playgoers are divisible into two classes—those who like to watch living people on the stage, and those who prefer puppets in fancy dress. No doubt the latter would find little to admire in "The Way the Money Goes," and prefer to see the money go in buckets over the production of romantic plays—that resemble one another almost as the leaves on a tree—to seeing it go by the handful in the presentation of dramas about real people. To them Lady Bell's play makes a weak appeal—unless, indeed, they have a taste for really fine, as compared with showy, acting. Still, I think there are enough of the former class to render her work successful; if mounted at modest cost and given by the same company. For the most distinguished group of popular players would not have acted it any better—probably not so well. Nobody could have given a

more satisfactory performance of the long and difficult part of the heroine than Miss Helen Haye, an actress rich in repose, intensely pathetic, utterly unstagey, and able to render every speech effective by skilful use of a beautiful voice. Really, Miss May Congdon gave the part of the pretty little gambler as well as the dramatist could reasonably desire. Miss Agnes Hill acted so unobtrusively as the placidly humorous Mrs. Riggs that one almost overlooked the fine skill of her work. Mr. H. Nye Chart played admirably as the husband, and Mr. Arthur Curtis represented a disappointed young gambler quite vigorously. I suspect that all of them know they were greatly helped in their work by the admirable quality of the play. Fine feathers make fine birds, and fine plays fine players.

## A Franco-American Combination.

What a step from Lady Bell's play to "Tantalising Tommy," from drama about real people to artificial comedy, or, rather, to farce masquerading as comedy. I do not quite see how anybody could admire both, and I admired the former. Yet I am not so full of prejudice as not to have enjoyed many works of the type to which the Playhouse piece belongs; only they must be more brilliant and shorter. A little touch of snobbishness that causes people to pretend that farces are comedies, and, worse still, to try to give an air of comedy to what is essentially farcical, has caused many a disaster. The sternest critics can enjoy a good farce. I wonder, by the way, why Sir Arthur Pinero does not revise some of the old Court farces, making the technique a little more modern. I believe that they would be successful, though the revival would be a little mournful to some of us by bringing back recollections of poor Rose Norreys, of Arthur Cecil, and some others. I hasten to say that a great many people liked the new play by Messrs. Paul Gavault and Michael Morton, and laughed heartily at it. The authors have managed to give some new turns to the game and fairly novel scenes, though it is a pity that in the search for originality they gave to pyjamas such an important part in the first act. Miss Marie Löhr played the pyjama girl very brightly. I hope one of these days she will have the task of presenting a real young woman, or she may become artificial in her methods, which would be a great pity. Mr. Cyril Maude, as her sweetheart, would, I think, have been more effective if the authors had treated their work as a farce, and it was in the broader passages that he acted best. Mr. Kenneth Douglas represented the fatuous artist very cleverly. What a pity the character was not drawn more finely!—for then the actor would have given us a remarkable performance. Miss Maidie Hope showed real comic force as the amorous "general," and Mr. Fred Lewis was amusing in the part of Papa Pepper.



Elektra.

THE PRIMA-DONNA WHO EXPECTED TO FAINT AFTER HER EVERY APPEARANCE IN THE TITLE-RÔLE OF STRAUSS'S "ELEKTRA": MME. MARIETTE MAZARIN AS ELEKTRA (AND MME. GERVILLE DE REACHE AS KLYTEMNESTRA).

After the first performance of Richard Strauss's "Elektra," at the Manhattan Opera House, New York, Mme. Mazarin, the Elektra of the production, fainted under the great strain of singing and acting the most trying rôle. Afterwards, she said that she quite expected that she would faint after every performance, but that it was worth it.

Photograph by Mishkin.



THE "HEN PHEASANT" AND HER HUSBAND: MME. SIMONE AND M. CLAUDE CASIMIR PERIER.

By her performance of the Hen Pheasant, the heroine of "Chantecler," Mme. Simone (formerly Mme. Simone Le Bargy) has added one more to her numerous triumphs.



## EXPOSITORS OF THE "NAKED - SOUL" SCHOOL OF ACTING.

THE RETURN OF THE SICILIAN PLAYERS WHO DREW ALL LONDON TO THE SHAFTESBURY TWO YEARS AGO.



NATURAL ACTING WITH A VENGEANCE: CAV. GRASSO AND SIGNORA MARINELLA BRAGAGLIA, THE LEADING ACTORS OF THE SICILIAN PLAYERS, WHO OPENED THEIR SEASON AT THE LYRIC YESTERDAY.

The Sicilian Players, when they came to England two years ago, revealed to an astounded playgoing public an entirely new style of acting. Never before had been seen such extraordinary realism and absolute abandon to the natural emotions. Well may it be said that they stripped the soul naked. The result was that the whole of London flocked to see them. On the last occasion the leading lady was Signorina Mimi Aguglia, whose place is now taken by Signora Marinella Bragaglia, reputed to be as wonderful an actress as her predecessor. She was the original leading actress in the drama, "Malia"—in fact, Capuana wrote the play for her. The plays in the present repertoire are "Malia," "Feudalismo," "Pietra Fra Pietre," "La Figlia di Jorio," "La Morte Civile," "La Potenza Delle Tenebre," "Juan Rose," "La Zolfara," "Amerta," "S. Giovanni Decollato," and "Cavalleria Rusticana." With reference to the above photographs, Nos. 1 and 4 are of Cav. Uff. Giovanni Grasso, and Nos. 2 and 3 of Signora Marinella Bragaglia.

Photographs by De Marchi Carlo, Milan.



# GROWLS

By BERYL FABER (MRS. COSMO HAMILTON).

Golf.

Of course, I don't play golf; otherwise I am well aware I should not growl about it. I may as well slip that in before one of the champions does it for me. But I have a very personal experience of golf second hand. I live in a house with two golf maniacs. One is very young, and the other is—a little older. So it will be understood that I am quite qualified to growl about golf. I am sure that it is possible to be what is technically known as a sport at golf. At the same time, I am of the firm opinion that very few sports play it! Help! Imagination is a fearful thing. I positively felt that avalanche of epithets hurtling about my ears. Yet, still with courage and with faith, I will continue.



VEGETARIAN TO KILL A "TRUST": A BOYCOTTER OF AMERICAN MEAT WEARING THE MARK OF HER BELIEF.

The rise in the price of American meat, consequent, it is said, on the formation of a so-called Meat Trust, led to a remarkable boycott in New York, and other great cities of the United States. In an attempt to crush the "trust," many people banded together and swore not to eat meat until matters were altered. The action seems to have been better for the vegetarian restaurants and the sellers of fruits and vegetables than for those making the protest, and during the very cold spell many found themselves forced to break their pledge.—[Photograph by Topical.]

from the golf-course is, if possible, undoubtedly more breezy, than the gossip which drifts blackly from town. Is it indeed a fact that any game played by the husband is reviled by the wife? I refuse to believe it. And, in the golf case, so many wives play too.

Lazy Game.

I think the game of golf belongs essentially to the very lazy—to those who sit by the fireside with their feet well above their heads, who prefer the loose slipper and the slack suit, who object to fresh air for fresh air's sake, and can only pull themselves together by glorifying their ego at the expense of another's; it is a game which can raise the individual supreme, quite without fear of contradiction, for golf is very seldom watched by the people who live with golf maniacs, but do not share the golf mania. I dislike golf because, for one thing, I think it breeds most of the "isms" and "itises" of the present day. The insidiousness of the golf poison is

almost unbelievable. There is nothing like realisation of the dangers one lives amongst. I have assumed the disguise of quite another pill, known as a corrective. But had I taken to the golf-pill myself, there is no doubt that Brummell would long ago have ceased to Brummell, and we should now be in the workhouse. Yes, I consider the dangers of golf as fearful in their consequences as that. And now, on a wet and dripping day, when the rain has been deluging down during many a long, long night, I watch the golf maniac cheerily set forth. "Raining? Oh, that's nothing. It's wonderful how our course dries up." The pathos of the thing lies in the aftermath. Stiff and sore, the golf maniac stands with his back to the fire. "I'm getting most extraordinary rheumatic. Can't understand it!" Timidly and faintly, but withal suggestively, I murmur that *possibly* five hours walking in eight or ten inches of mud, with an occasional cleansing in a puddle or pool, that *possibly*, having walked more or less hurriedly after the tiny, elusive one (especially if we have been exhilarated by a phenomenal, an absolute-all-records-breaker of a drive), that *possibly*, just *possibly*, standing in a keen north-easter while our poor opponent, reduced to a complete state of pulp by our phe—our quite-beyond-all averages drive, while our said P.O. muzzles and fuzzles ("foozle" was the pretty word I was in search of), and certainly puzzles the complacent little pill, may it not just possibly be that a slight chill . . . "Good lord, my dear girl, I've *changed*! Besides, all the doctors are agreed that it's the healthiest. . . . No, I'm getting older, that's what it is." It is better to own to middle age (according to the Bible, thirty-five is certainly middle age) than blame the goddess Golf. And yet, I am quite sure, our golf maniac *has* a sense of humour.

And then "the ladies, God bless them." I cannot leave my little wooden hut without passing quite a broad patch of the golf-links. And I am filled with awe and wonder at the golf women of England. No one can deny the pluck, the absolute courage with which the women of England attack the thing which cometh to their hand. There is a dear little rhyme (a nursery-rhyme, isn't it?) which runs prettily about the old lady who went to sleep, and some pickle or pedlar (for my part, I am clearly of opinion that the pickle or pedlar was even then trying to show her how, in the future, it would be possible for her to play golf) "cut her petticoats round about her knees." And when she awoke she murmured—"If I be I, as I suppose I be, I've a little dog at home, and he knows me." Her descendants have their little dogs, playing golf too, so doubtless that is why they are still recognised at home. Still, they run the Suffragettes very close.

The Ladies.

I have just had a really good, back-breaking laugh—a really hefty laugh. (I have acquired a little golf slang en passant.) The golf maniac tenderly, but withal a trifle nervously, asked me what I was smiling at. I managed to blurt out, in an occasional gasp for breath, that I had just had the time of my life.



WINES FROM THE WOOD: BOTTLES THAT GREW ON TREES.

These curious wine-bottles are of wood. Imitations are made in earthenware. It will be noted, further, that these bottles are in the form of faces.—[Photograph by Clarke and Hyde.]



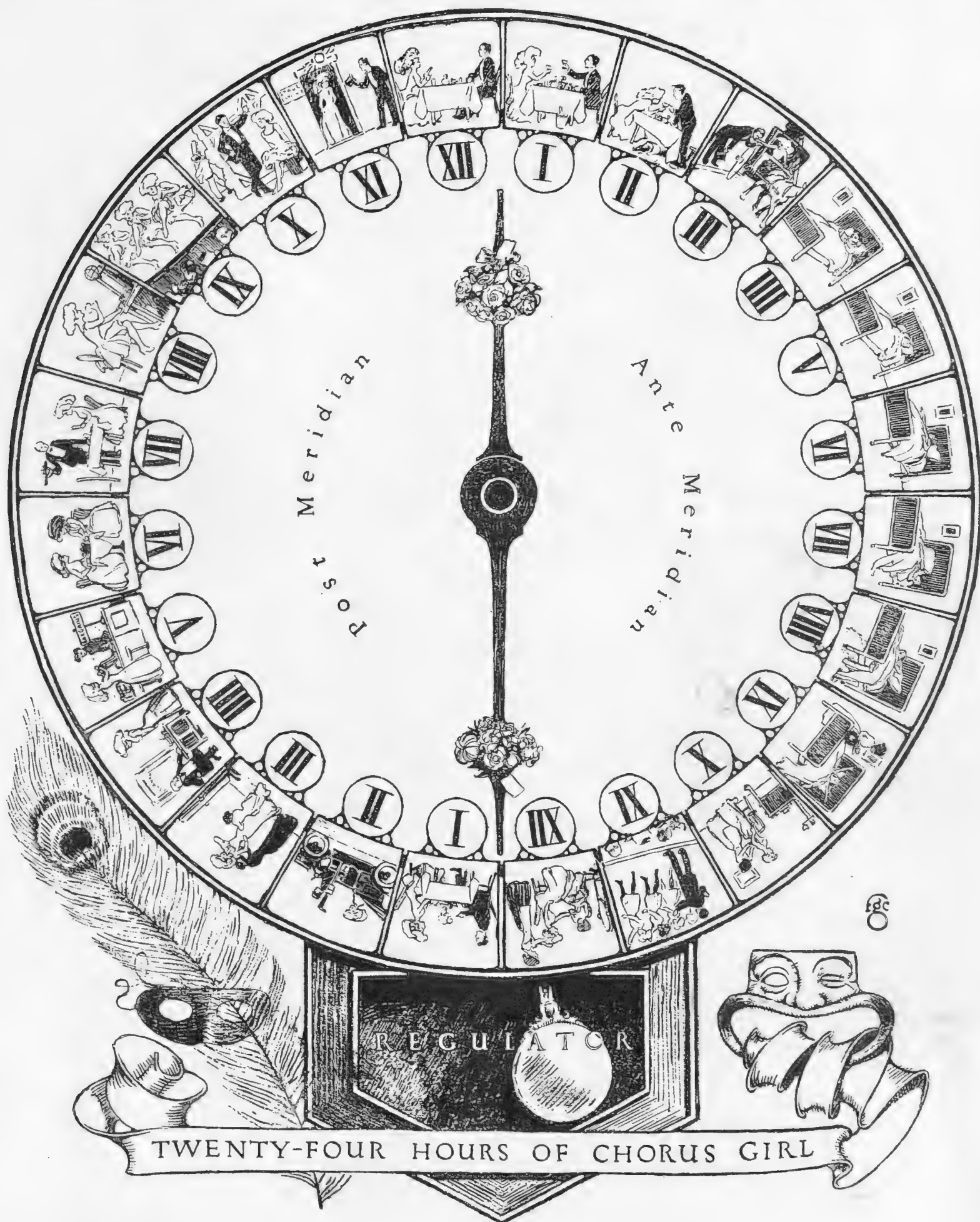
A CLIMBATIC EFFECT: HOW CHALETs APPEAR WHEN SEEN FROM A TRAIN GOING UP A MOUNTAIN—AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

Photograph by Ulyett.





O TEMPORA! O MORES!







### THE "HUSTLER" ON THE HALLS.

#### Seeing the Wheels Go Round.

There is always a subtle satisfaction about getting "behind the scenes," and being able to investigate the inner machinery of anything, whether it be the wheels of a watch or the organisation of a theatre. Half the charm of every clever performance, every wonderful thing, is derived from the childish curiosity of wondering "how it is done." We still like to see the wheels go round long after childhood's days. The inner working of the modern music-hall or theatre of varieties is especially fascinating—perhaps even more interesting and far more complex than the inner working of the legitimate theatre, owing to the terrific pace at which everything has to be done. Even the stars themselves are frequently paid by the minute, and the whole atmosphere at the back of the stage in a music-hall reeks of the reflection that "time is money." The modern system of "two houses a night" in the suburban and provincial halls has even further accentuated the need to "hustle."

#### Singing by the Clock.

On the Monday evening, when the new programme for the week is put on for the first time, the stage-manager of the music-hall may be discovered making complicated calculations with a very puckered brow. He is making out the time-sheet for the week, and those who have never tried it can scarcely conceive the extreme difficulty of absolutely gauging the length of every one of thirteen or fourteen different kinds of performance to the fraction of a minute, and also of discovering in exactly how short a time the stage can be got ready for each of them. And some of the larger halls, where

there is only one performance each night, have as many as twenty-odd "turns" to be arranged for. Every evening from seven o'clock until eleven the stage-manager stands with one eye on the clock and the other on the stage-door, for each of the performers must go on and come off exactly to time, otherwise the whole programme is thrown out of gear.

#### Hustling with Little Tich.

Most of the big music-halls are nowadays in the hands of syndicates or combines, and a popular "star" may have to appear at as many as six halls in an evening, rushing frantically from one to another in a high-powered motor-car. Every big music-hall artiste of to-day finds that it is an absolute neces-

sity that he should possess one of these modern accelerators of travel; indeed, he finds that the directors of the halls at which he is booked to appear have arranged the times of his engagements on the assumption that he has one. Only recently I spent a strenuous evening with the great Little Tich—the man who commands a bigger salary than almost any other comedian. We started at the Metropolitan, in the Edgware Road, where he sang three songs, each one necessitating a change of costume, besides a great deal of exhausting "by-play," and a dance. About five minutes later the comedian's car was speeding away down Oxford Street, on past the Mansion House to the Paragon Music-Hall, away in the Mile End Road. Here, again, within a few minutes of his arrival, he was on the stage strenuously repeating the whole performance. Back in the car, the long journey along the Whitechapel Road, Cheapside, and Oxford Street has to be done again on the return journey to the Edgware Road for the second house at the Metropolitan. And here, for the third time since seven o'clock, Little Tich sings his three songs, makes his three changes of costume, and gives his amusing dance as "the Queen of the Fairies." Nine songs and three dances in less than three hours—and this, mind you, is but an ordinary programme, and not in any way exceptional for a music-hall performer.



A SWIMMER ON THE BOARDS; LA PIA, WHO IS DANCING AT THE PALACE, AND IS SEEN AS THE SPIRIT OF THE WAVES.

Photograph by Langfieri.

#### Lauder's Record Run.

Mr. Harry Lauder claims for himself the record of covering the largest number of halls at the longest distance apart in the shortest space of time. It was certainly a remarkably strenuous performance. At the time—it was several years ago—he was engaged on the Tivoli Syndicate of Halls, and, in addition to these, was booked to appear at the Hammersmith Palace. He says: "My times were mapped out by the Tivoli directors as follows: Canterbury Music Hall, Westminster Bridge Road, nine o'clock; Metropolitan, Edgware Road, 9.45; and Tivoli, 10.25. Starting my night's work at the Canterbury, I gave an eighteen minutes' show, then ran, fully dressed, to my motor-brougham, and drove with all haste to the Metropolitan. Here I was on the stage for exactly twenty minutes, leaving me a quarter of an hour to cover the three miles between Edgware Road and the Tivoli. Another twenty minutes' performance, finishing, as nearly as may be, at a quarter to eleven, gave me fully twenty minutes to reach the Hammersmith Palace five miles away. Going on the stage here no later than ten minutes past eleven, I completed my full evening's toil inside two and a half hours."

#### Nine Halls a Night!

Singing eight songs, changing from head to foot twelve times, and driving fully a dozen miles, in two and a half hours, is "hustling" with a vengeance! Mr. Lauder's record was set up, however, before the "two-houses-a-night" system was instituted at the smaller halls, and it is quite on the cards that this marvellous example of strenuousness has ere now been beaten, though one can scarcely imagine it possible. Indeed, many music-hall artistes manage to cover five or six different performances in an evening; but this, of course, means starting much earlier in the evening than Mr. Lauder did, and would probably leave much more time for "breathing spaces" between the different houses. I believe I am right in saying that, not so very long ago, Mr. Sam Mayo managed to face the footlights nine times a night for a week. Of course, without a powerful motor-car skilfully handled by an expert chauffeur—one who knows his London like a book—such a night's work would be impossible.



THE DANCER WHO "BATHES" ON THE PALACE STAGE; LA PIA AMONG THE WAVES.

La Pia is giving, at the Palace, a turn that resembles, to some extent, that made famous by Loie Fuller, the great serpentine dancer, and often imitated. One item of her performance, however, is exceptionally novel. She is seen as the Spirit of the Waves, battling with the stormy waters, which are as realistic as the cinematograph can make them. It will be recalled that cinematograph reproductions of waves figure also in a "swimming scene" in Drury Lane's pantomime.—[Photograph by Gerbach.

sity that he should possess one of these modern accelerators of travel; indeed, he finds that the directors of the halls at which he is booked to appear have arranged the times of his engagements on the assumption that he has one. Only recently I spent a strenuous evening with the great Little Tich—the man

## L.C.C. AND L.U.V.



[DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.]

## TRAINING FOR THE COUNTY COUNCIL CONTEST.

The above advice, founded on a careful observation of the recent General Election, is offered to candidates for the coming County Council contest by our most irresponsible Artist.



[DRAWN BY HOPE READ.]

## SNORES FROM THE PALM-TREE.

SHE (after hours of this sort of thing): Now, for me, love is essentially something tender and shy and winsome; but I suppose you, as a man, prefer to think of it as fierce and wild, tempestuous and untamed.



# THE LITERARY LOUNGER

## A WOMAN'S SECRET SOCIETY IN THE LAND OF THE PORO BOYS.\*

IN these days of gloomy forebodings as to the dreadful fate in store for that "celebrated, overrated, antiquated" institution, the British Empire, it is refreshing to come across a book about one of our colonies written by an optimist, who has a tale to tell of prosperity and progress in at least one corner of the Empire. For Mr. T. J. Alldridge is distinctly an optimist, finding matter for encouragement in all he sees, while at the same time not blind to other matters that require reform, and his book on the transformation of Sierra Leone since he first knew it is one that speaks volumes—one fascinating volume, at any rate—for the beneficent influence of British rule, and the still vital colonising power of the Briton abroad. Mr. Alldridge was formerly Travelling Commissioner in the Upper Mendi Country, and for many years District Commissioner of the Sherbro, in the Crown Colony of Sierra Leone, and he writes of that country as it was and as it is; of its progress, peoples, native customs, and undeveloped wealth, his very interesting narrative being accompanied by sixty-six delightful photographs of native life and an excellent map of the country.

Mr. Alldridge, whose knowledge of Sierra Leone dates from his first landing there in 1871, is not, like many men of his long experience, a *laudator temporis acti*, and he modestly refrains from even hinting that any share of the credit for the improved condition of the Colony is due to himself. It is obvious, however, that he must have had a good deal to do with it. "As Travelling Commissioner," he writes, "I had to do pioneer work in opening up and in mapping out the far distant and then unknown parts of the Hinterland, and on behalf of the Government I made many treaties with the paramount chiefs. For some years I was the only white man known in the Upper Mendi country. . . . Quite recently I visited much ground I went over in earlier times, to find improvements that would have been inconceivable to me had I not



AN ANGLER'S TALE BOTH TALL AND TRUE: A GIANT TARPON CAUGHT OFF SIERRA LEONE.

"The tarpon was harpooned by a couple of natives in a dug-out canoe. . . I had it hitched on to the Government crane and took the photograph now shown, the weight being 255 lb., and the dimensions as follows: length, 8 ft. 4 in.; across middle, 1 ft. 7 in.; thickness of back, 8 in."

witnessed them. . . . The Government has transformed a lawless and slave-dealing country into one of security and freedom."

For the not too serious reader the most interesting parts of the book are those that deal with native life and manners. There is one chapter with the alluring title, "From Kissy to Bo," but this, we may say, has nothing to do with marriage customs or nursery

performed. On entering, each girl receives a

Bundu name, and is whitened over with a clay wash. When the session is over this is washed

off, and the ceremony of "pulling from the Bundu" takes place. Led by a number of "devils" (women grotesquely attired), they return from the forest to the town, and the husbands-elect of the Bundu girls bring presents to the "devils" "in return for the four months they (the brides) had spent with the initiates in the Bundu bush."

### MEN AND OTHER MONSTERS IN SIERRA LEONE.

These illustrations are reproduced from Mr. T. J. Alldridge's book, "A Transformed Colony," by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Seeley and Co.



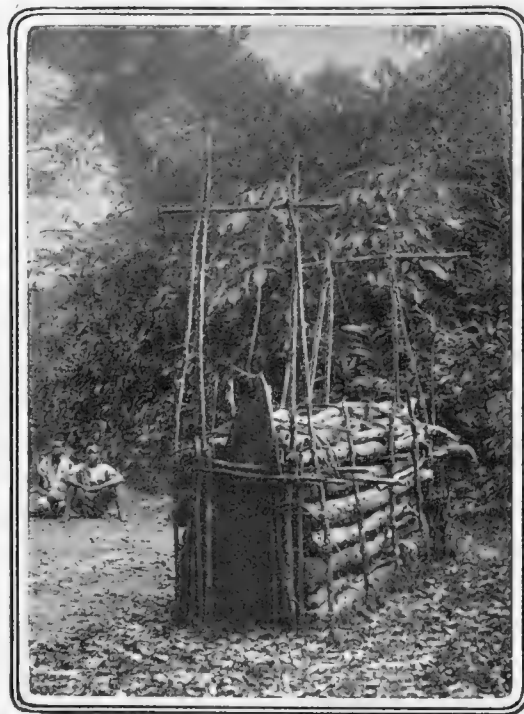
ANOTHER INJUSTICE TO WOMEN: A PORO BOY OF THE ORDER WHICH TAKES PRECEDENCE OF THE BUNDU GIRLS. The Bundu is a secret society for women and girls in Mendi-land, Sierra Leone. "The corresponding order for men and boys is the 'Poro,' but the laws of the country will not allow a Bundu to be in session at the same time as a Poro in one chief's jurisdiction." The Poro boy is shown in dancing costume.

\* A Transformed Colony: Sierra Leone As It Was and As It Is. By T. J. Alldridge, I.S.O., F.R.G.S. (Seeley and Co.)

games, Kissy being one of the principal suburbs of Freetown (history apparently does not record how it got its name), and Bo the principal place on the railway after leaving Freetown, being 136 miles from the capital. The marriage customs of the Mendis, one of the chief native tribes of the Colony, have a chapter to themselves. "Wives in Mendi-land," we read, "were formerly obtained in three ways—by capture in war, by gift, by betrothal and the ordinary course of marriage." An amorous Mendi swain begins his courtship by sending a deputation to the house of his charmer; and they, presenting some gift, remark: "We see a beautiful gem in your house, and we come to get it. We bring this present for her." Acceptance of the gift amounts to an engagement. The girl makes a return present, after which negotiations are opened up with her parents, to whom the lover pays what is called "wine-money" to clinch the bargain. If a man has numerous wives, for all of whom wine-money has been paid, all the children have the same legal status; but in cases where that payment has been omitted they are illegitimate.

Other very interesting chapters are those on the native secret societies. There is one for men and boys called the "Poro" order, and another for women and girls called the "Bundu." Their costumes and ceremonies are of the weirdest sort. The Bundu is an absolutely secret organisation, the innermost workings of which it seems quite impossible for those outside the order to know anything about. "It is certain," writes Mr. Alldridge, "that the 'medicine' upon which the girls are sworn must be of the most terrifying description, to compel them to keep the vows. . . . Bundu girls when passing through the bush must not speak to any men. If men are within sight the girls must cover their heads, and if unable to avoid meeting them on the road they must turn their backs upon them."

A Bundu session consists of a retreat into a secluded part of the bush, where strange rites are



VERY MUCH ON THE SPOT: A NATIVE LEOPARD-TRAP IN THE MANDO COUNTRY.

This native leopard-trap was seen in the bush outside the town of Gorn, in the Mando country, Sierra Leone. It is evidently designed very much on the principle of the domestic mouse-trap. Native girls wear bunches of leopard's teeth hanging from the right shoulder as a sign that they are free-born.

## WINE, WOMAN, AND A WHISTLE.



"John, if you don't put your hat on straight, I shall refuse to walk with you!  
You look positively intoxicated!"

DRAWN BY HESKETH DAUBENY.



LITTLE SMITHERS (who has been somewhat mixed at the cloak-room and has come away with the wrong topper): Thish ish the darkest night I've ever seen.

DRAWN BY GRAHAM SIMMONS.

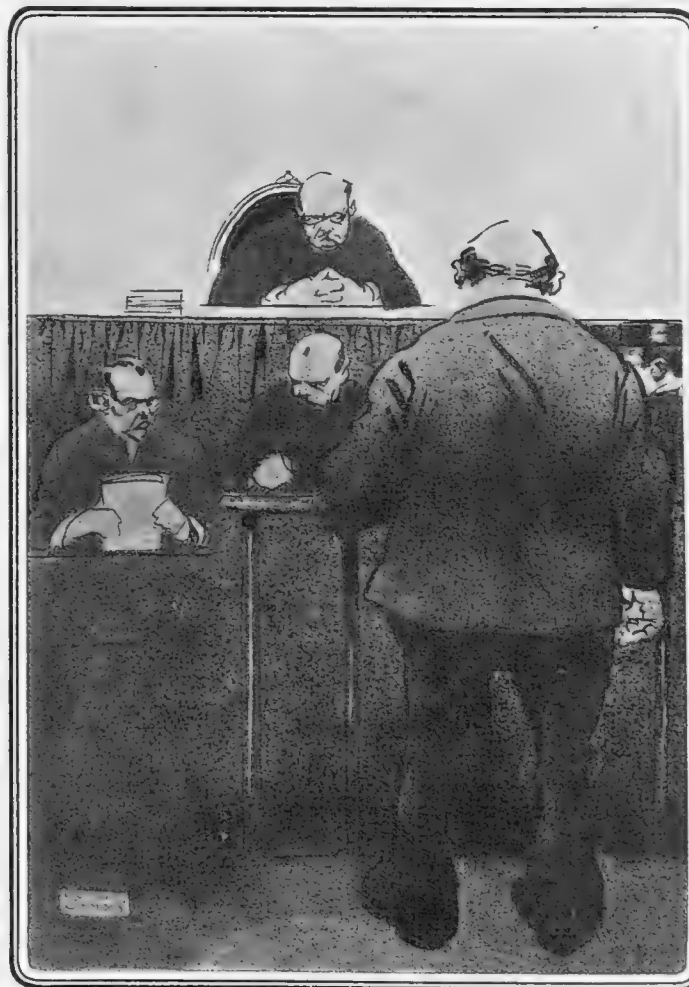


TIMKINS: Empty-headed sort of chap, that man Brown.

JONES: Yes, and a very plain-looking bounder.

TIMKINS (after a pause): Did she chuck you, too?

DRAWN BY GRAHAM SIMMONS.



MAGISTRATE: You say the prisoner turned round and stealthily whistled.  
What followed?

INTELLIGENT WITNESS: Please, your Worship, his dog.

DRAWN BY GRAHAM SIMMONS.





# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## IN OUTER DARKNESS.

By J. SACKVILLE MARTIN.

THE man who half sat, half lay in the long cane chair of the Hong-Kong pattern roused himself, yawned, inspected the tumbler at his side, found it empty, yawned again and stretched his arms towards the night sky in an ecstasy of weariness. Every muscle stiffened a moment and then relaxed again, refreshed by the contraction. He turned his head to look about the verandah, and at the lighted door of the house, through which he could obtain a glimpse of cocoa-nut matting on the floor and cane chairs illuminated by the soft light of a ship's lamp pendent from the ceiling. The heat was intolerable, and he settled himself once more in his chair, gazing vacantly at the muddy waters of the creek, at the little settlement of native huts upon its further side, built high on poles above the mud and set in a forest of vegetation. Everywhere this thick tangle of trees and bushes crowded down towards the water's edge, cleared only here and there where man had set his axe to check its progress. To his right at the apex of the creek the bushes mingled with the water; a perfect mango swamp. He eyed it with the ennui of one to whom the whole scene had long been familiar, and raised his eyes to the sky.

They were bloodshot eyes, a little tired and more than a little discontented. The face, too, was not attractive. The features were thick and fleshy; the skin hung loose beneath the lower eyelids. The lips were slack, and spoke of self-indulgence and lack of moral fibre. Although the night was punctured with brilliant points piercing the velvet blackness and casting faint gleams upon the surface of the creek, there was no wonder in the eyes watching them. And yet the stars themselves might have wondered at the man who could not wonder at them.

He turned again towards the lighted door of the house, to catch a glimpse of a figure in white drill that passed across it. The sight aroused him to lazy activity. He raised his head and called.

"Tennant!" he cried. "Heya, Tennant! Bring another peg out here, there's a good chap. I'm as dry as a bone."

The figure of a younger man showed in the doorway—a slim figure, looking active and alert in its white clothing. Tennant looked out at the figure of his senior seated in the chair, and his thin lips were compressed with disapproval.

"Look here, Longden," he said, "you've had all the pegs you've any use for this evening. Can't you leave the stuff alone a bit?"

"No more than you can leave preaching alone," retorted Longden testily. "Get the drink like a good fellow and come out and talk. We've got to pass the time till the boat comes in."

The younger man turned and went inside the house, returning with a twelve-inch tumbler of whisky-and-soda. He placed it in the receptacle provided for it in the arm of the chair, having first removed the empty glass, then leaned up against one of the pillars of the verandah and looked down at his companion.

"She'll not come to-night," he said decisively. "You're wasting time sitting up for her."

"You don't know Johnnie Travers," replied the elder man aggressively. "Johnnie will bring her in, if he has to feel every inch with the lead. When you've been here as long as I have you will know."

He looked towards the mouth of the creek almost as though he expected the little tumble-down steamer that coasted from Penang northward to turn the corner—evoked by his confident assertion. But the creek lay silent, and he turned his head away again and gazed at the stars.

"Good Lord!" he said, with sudden and savage energy. "To think of what's going on! To think of it! Piccadilly Circus, with the lights above the Cri., and the cabs going all ways! Folk in evening-dress, and theatres and women! And me stuck in this God-forsaken creek year in and year out, messing about with a lot of yellow brutes collecting rubber! And you say a man should go steady on the pegs he takes! Gosh!"

He breathed a deep and rumbling sigh.

"It's a cursed world!" he continued bitterly. "A man comes into it a bit after his brother; and for that simple crime he's kicked out of everything. I've a brother over there living on the fat of the land. Married too; and, for all I know, with a family, though I'm not certain. I've never inquired. But do you think he'd lift a finger to get me out of this hole? Not he. Told me I was jolly

lucky to get it before I came out here. And I was fool enough to think so too at the time."

Tennant made no comment. He had listened too long to garrulous complaints upon the part of his elder, and had learned from time to time the series of events which had led to his exile. He knew, therefore, that the elder brother in question did not deserve too much blame, seeing that twice in succession he had rescued the family scapegrace from awkward financial positions. But Longden, full of his grievance against the accident of birth, had forgotten that these were favours in thinking of them as rights.

"When I think of all that's going on," he continued, "night after night, whilst I'm stuck here far away from it all, and likely to remain here, I feel as though I should go mad. I would go mad if it wasn't for this." He touched the rim of his glass. "And, mind you, half of them that are knocking about town at this minute don't know their luck. They've never known anything different, and they can't realise it. Gosh! I'd like to bring a few of them out here for a year or two. Then they'd know!"

"It's all very well for you," he grumbled, half-resentful of his junior's silence. "You're young, and you haven't been here two years. I've put in seven, and I'm thirty-six to-morrow. It's that damned birthday of mine that's set me thinking. Thirty-six! And another ten years will go past with nothing happening, and I shall be forty-six; and then another and another until I snuff out. I'll rot here, and you'll rot here, and all for the sake of the company paying six per cent. Oh, Lord! but we're a couple of fools, you and I!"

The younger man pursed his lips.

"I don't intend to rot here," he said. "I'm here to save money. When I've got enough together I'll try for a berth at home. Another couple of years should do it."

"I've tried that game myself," growled Longden. "Never got further than Singapore. Got on the spree there, and the money went like water. Tried that game twice. Not going to try it again."

"Well, I am," said Tennant, frowning. "And that brings me to something I want to say. Neither you nor I will get the chance of rotting here if you're not more careful. We shall finish in quite a different way—a way I don't care about. And I think it's about time we came to an understanding."

"Damn it, man, don't preach!" growled Longden. "I know what you want to talk about. You want to preach to me about that little girl over in the quarters."

"Yes," replied Tennant sharply, "I do. What on earth made you settle on her? There were other women over there—good-looking girls, too—that you could have had for the asking. But, no; you must needs settle on the wife of that overseer chap—Pangi Rau—isn't that his confounded name? I've seen him two or three times lately, and I could swear he means mischief. You never can be quite sure what these Malay devils are thinking behind their yellow skins. But if he does find out—and I'm not sure he hasn't—well, you'll be rotting much sooner than you look for."

"He'll not find out," growled Longden, "I keep the beggar too busy for that. He's working up on the further side of the plantation. Forefront of the battle, heh? And as for the woman—hang it, a man must amuse himself somehow."

"Well, don't say I haven't warned you, that's all," replied Tennant. "It's my business as much as yours. For if Pangi takes it into his head to chew a bit of hashish and run amok, he won't stop to make delicate distinctions between us. Anyhow, I've got it off my chest. And as long as you keep on with your foolishness I shall sleep with one eye open and my revolver as handy as I can have it."

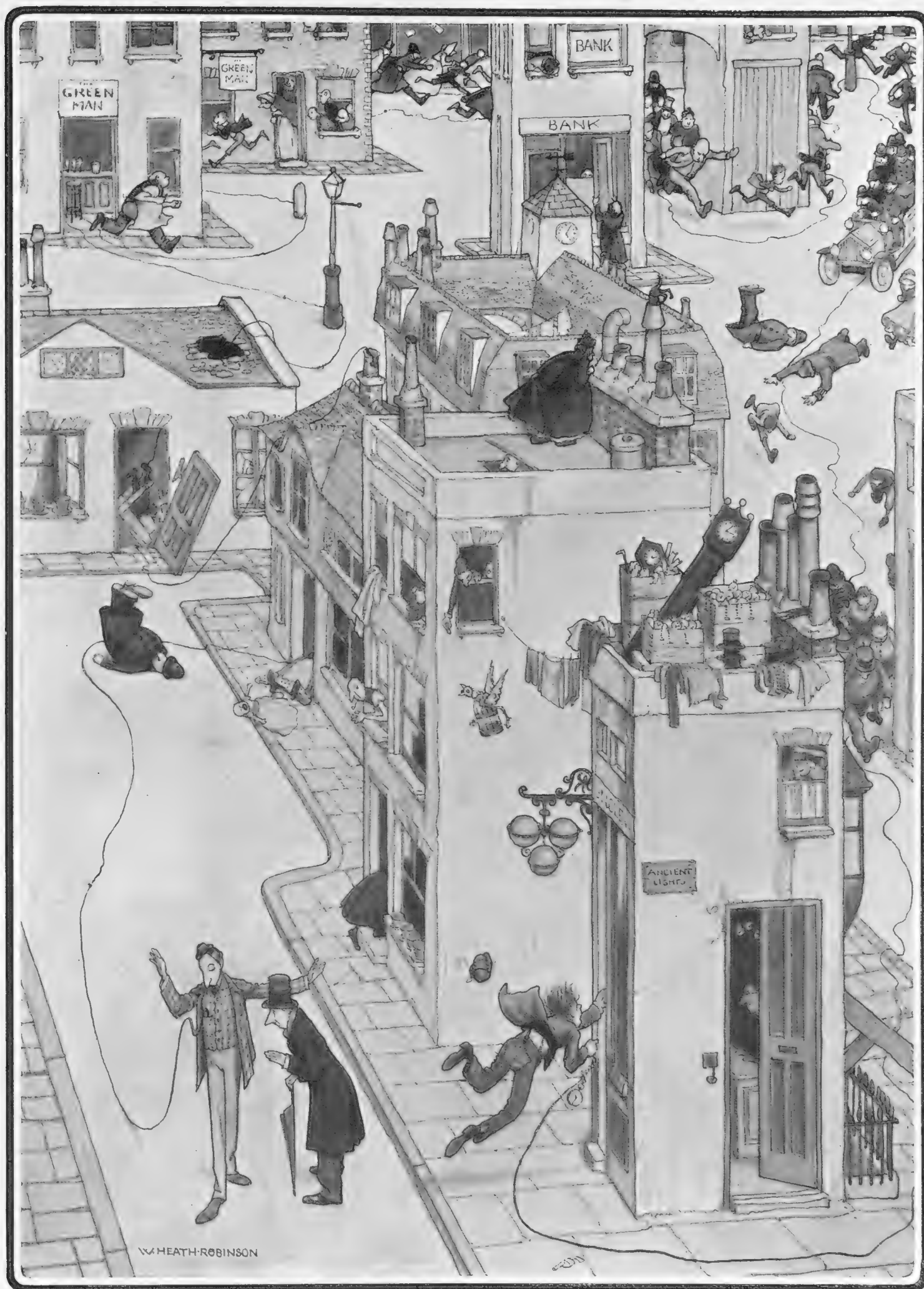
He turned on his heel and went into the house. Longden settled himself in his chair and lit a cheroot. For a quarter of an hour he smoked placidly. Then his ear caught the sound of a snapping twig, and he sat up alertly and gazed into the darkness. A light footfall sounded on the verandah, and almost immediately the form of a young woman rose beside him out of the night and squatted beside his chair, as though sure of a welcome.

"Heya! you've come then!" he growled, half in pleasure, half in ill-humour. "Thought you'd manage it somehow. But I don't

[Continued overleaf.]

# 'Tec Tactics.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



## II.—MR. HERRING TRACKLER HAS OCCASION TO PROVE THE EFFICACY OF HIS INFALLIBLE PICKPOCKET TRAIL.

Last week we gave the first of the exploits of Mr. Herring Trackler, the celebrated detective employed by the staff of "The Sketch." As stated in that issue, our Special Artist has been commissioned to depict by means of his pencil the most important adventures of that famous man, to save the time of our readers that a detailed explanation would take up. We may safely say that Mr. Herring Trackler's ingenious device, by which the pickpocket's course may be followed, requires no further elucidation than the drawing we give above. It will be noticed that Mr. Herring Trackler has on this occasion adopted the disguise of a check suit, while our Special Artist again wishes us to remind our readers that he does not lay claim to the personal attractions which the picture of Mr. Herring Trackler's companion in the top hat might lead our readers to suppose he possesses.



want any of your monkey tricks to-night. *Teda plampoin*—no women here this evening. You can sit here a bit until I'm tired. Then you'll have to take yourself off. *Ankat ini!* Savez? I've the black dog on my back to-night."

He pinched her ear with a careless, familiar gesture. The glowing end of his cheroot lit up her face intermittently; the face of a dark-skinned young woman, with sensuous, pouting lips, narrow dark eyes, and a glorious coil of black hair. She settled herself beside him in absolute silence, allowing him to run his fingers through her hair and about her neck and shoulders, completely satisfied with his caress. With a kind of grim humour he went on talking to her in English, secure of her ignorance of the language.

"If you only knew," he went on in tones that were purposely a caress in themselves, "how damned sick I am of you! Upon my soul, I don't quite know why I keep on playing with you; except that there's nothing else to do, and that husband of yours gives the business a little excitement. And you sit there and grin up at me like a heathen idol, and all the time I'm wishing myself thousands of miles away from you! By gosh! if I could get to London now—just by wishing it and flying through the air—you'd find this chair empty sharp enough. You'd sit up and rub your eyes and wonder where I'd got to. But it's no use talking about it, and no use thinking. And I've got to sit here and stroke you and watch you grin. Oh, life's a funny game to play when the cards are against you. Savez that, heh? Not you!"

He relapsed into silence and meditative puffs. Gradually a faint throbbing sound, growing slowly louder, caught his ear. He cocked his head on one side and listened. Then, involuntarily, his eyes turned to the mouth of the creek. A green light swam into the darkness, low upon the surface of the water. It shifted its position, and a red light appeared beside it. The thrashing of the screw smote his ears. He sat bolt upright, the woman at his side forgotten, and called boisterously—

"Tennant!" he cried. "The steamer! Didn't I tell you? Didn't I say Johnnie Travers would come in? Tennant! Heya! Tennant!"

He jumped to his feet as the younger man came out upon the verandah. Together they descended the steps. The woman threw herself in his way.

"Be off!" he said sharply. "Off you go. *Teda plampoin!* I've no use for you this evening. Vamose!"

His gesture made his meaning sufficiently clear. The woman made no remonstrance. She was used to come and go at his pleasure. Without a word, she went down to the water of the creek and plunged in. She swam like a fish, making swift strokes for the opposite shore. She reached it and slipped in among the bushes. As she did so, a man rose before her in the darkness. He caught her by the hair, dragging a long coil free and winding it savagely about her throat. She fell to the ground, struggling convulsively. But there was no cry, nothing to break the silence.

Longden and his companion went down to the rickety wooden pier and watched the equally rickety little steamer come alongside. She did it with an immense fuss and all the importance of a liner, thrashing the mud wrathfully with her screw. In his box-like cabin, Johnnie Travers, a sanguine man with red moustaches, greeted them cheerfully and rummaged in his mail-bags.

"Didn't care to keep

you waiting till morning," he said; "and I guess I could find my way in here blindfold."

An invitation ashore was accepted with alacrity. The three men, two of them carrying their letters, went up to the house. At the small table, beneath the light of the ship's lamp, they opened them, to the accompaniment of cigars and whisky. A bulky package in a long blue envelope engaged Longden's attention. Suddenly he brought his fist down on the table.

"Snakes alive!" he shouted, "I've come into it! I've come into it at last!"

Tennant looked up from his own letter, the contents of which were not especially interesting.

"That looks like a lawyer's letter," he said. "Is your brother dead?"

"Dead as Queen Anne," replied Longden. "And his wife too. Yachting accident. And I did him an injustice when I said he had a family. He's kept me out of it long enough. But he'll not keep me out of it any longer."

"Cap'n," he said, rubbing his hands together, "you'll take me with you this trip. I don't stay in this hole an hour longer than I can help. Gosh! to think that I was talking about it only this evening! Two months!—just two months to get me home, and I'm back in London again—back among the lights and the hansoms and the women! I'll make things hum there, I can tell you! I'll paint that place the brightest shade of scarlet it has ever experienced. You trust me for that. I've seven years to make up—seven years! Tennant here must run the show until they send another man. The company can go to the deuce for me. Oh, but it's good to be alive again."

He poured forth a stream of boasting. He revelled in the delights of anticipation. He drank freely, and with each drink he grew more garrulous. When at length the time came for the Captain to return to his steamer, Longden's footsteps were unsteady and his breathing stertorous as he accompanied him. He shook hands at the gangway and muttered incoherences.

"Goo'-night!" he said. "G'night! Tha' chap Tennant, he's no sportsman. Wouldn't come down. I say, come down—see Cap'n Travish 'board. Goo'—goo'-night."

He stumbled up again towards the house. Already the lamp was turned down, and Tennant slept behind the mosquito-curtains. Longden was too careless in his drunken joy to follow his example. He threw himself into the long cane chair upon the verandah and fell asleep immediately—fell into inglorious slumber, with his face to the sky and the sound of his snoring rhythmical and insistent.

An hour later all was quiet. The lights of the steamer had vanished, and only the stars still shone. Now and again their faint tracks upon the water were broken by long, smooth ripples that flowed backward from a dark object like a man's head, swimming almost submerged. One faint gleam caught the blade of a long kris held between the swimmer's teeth. With swift and silent strokes he reached the landing-place, and, stealing towards the verandah, stood, a naked and gleaming statue, above the sleeper. He bent to listen.

"Picca—Piccadilly Circus," murmured Longden softly. "Goo' ole Picca—"

The knife gleamed again in the starlight. And in dreams of London and its delights the sleeper passed away, with one long shudder, to answer to his account in an unknown city.

THE END.



GROWLERS.

[DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE]

"No, times ain't wot they was—the dignity of the perfession's gone. Everybody wants a blooming taxi; and when they've blowed 'emself 'orse and can't get one they 'aves you as a hapology."

# THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN

**Hare-Driving.** Although regular shooting is a thing of the past, the fine, mild days have put a period to the wildfowler's sport, and most men have laid their guns aside. There have been many big hare-drives in the past few weeks on estates where the necessity of keeping the hare in check is as apparent to landowners as it is to their tenants. In East

Anglia, more particularly in Cambridgeshire and Suffolk, with their great expanses of open country, the driving is most effective, nor is it altogether a simple matter to bring the hares to the guns. Not only must the driving be entrusted to experts, but the placing of the guns must be in the hands of men who are thoroughly familiar with the country. The writer has seen scores of hares coming, as far as might be guessed, right on to the guns, only to turn to the right or left and pass, right out of reach of gunfire, through some uncovered gap. There is little cruelty in a hare-drive if the guns be fairly expert, and after a season of steady shooting and much snapping at rabbits seen for the fraction of a second in bracken, the hare presents a large mark. Most of them drop in a heap, and

all fertile, for the wild birds that visit the hens are the strongest and most vigorous of their kind. Needless to say, the situation for the hen-pheasants' run must be carefully considered: the birds must have shelter against the wet, their home must be kept clean; but nobody rears pheasants without a gamekeeper, and every keeper can give advice on all these points of detail. In my part of the country we pay half-a-crown to the farmers' and labourers' wives for broody hens, and sell them back to them for eighteenpence when their duties are ended.

## Hand-Reared Partridges.

While many people are beginning to find their own pheasants' eggs, there are, perhaps, few who try to rear partridges; but it is a very interesting labour. I have raised a few nearly every season for some years past, collecting the eggs from banks and hedgerows where there was reason to fear that weasel, stoat, hedgehog, or rat might bring the clutch to a violent end. The love of partridges for an exposed situation, so that it be sunny and within easy reach of some dust for their daily bath, is notorious, and there is neither unkindness nor unwisdom in removing eggs from such a situation, provided always you are the owner or tenant of the shooting. I have found the bantam hens best for hatching the eggs out; the larger hens may bring the clutch to life, but will speedily trample on the greater part of the babies. Young partridges are the liveliest little creatures



THE "SECOND STRING" JOAN OF ARC; MRS. REGINALD GLOSSOP, WHO IS TO UNDERSTUDY MRS. HENRY HOHLER AS THE MAID OF ORLEANS IN THE ARMY PAGEANT.

Mrs. Glossop is to be chief understudy for the part of Joan of Arc. She is the wife of the well-known soldier, author, and war-correspondent. She is a fearless rider to hounds, is a member of the Polo and Riding Pony Society, and makes a hobby of breeding polo ponies.

never move leg or ear. It is only the steady onrush in a very good hare country that makes men try to do too much, and leads them to take the long shots that a moment's thought would show to be quite unnecessary, and even cruel.

**Pheasants' Eggs.** I find that several of my friends have been endeavouring with some success to collect sufficient pheasants' eggs from their land to restock their own covers. The procedure is so simple that it may be worth setting down here for the benefit of those who have some acres of woodland and raise a few hundred birds annually. At the end of the shooting season some hen pheasants are caught, pinioned, and put down in a big wired run in cover. There are a few bushes and faggots in the run, which is open to the sky. Where hen pheasants are, cock birds will not be far away. In their own time they visit the hens, which are only disturbed twice a day to be fed by keeper or assistant. When the time of laying begins, the eggs are taken away every day and put under broody hens. In the early days, when pheasants' eggs bought from the dealers are costing ten shillings a dozen, the saving made by following the plan outlined here needs no demonstrating. In addition to this advantage, the eggs are nearly



ARMOURER TO THE ARMY PAGEANT: MR. CHARLES FFOULKES.

Mr. Ffoulkes, who is the author of the recently published "Armour and Weapons," is official armourer to the Pageant. He has taken the greatest possible care, of course, that all the armour worn shall be absolutely accurate.

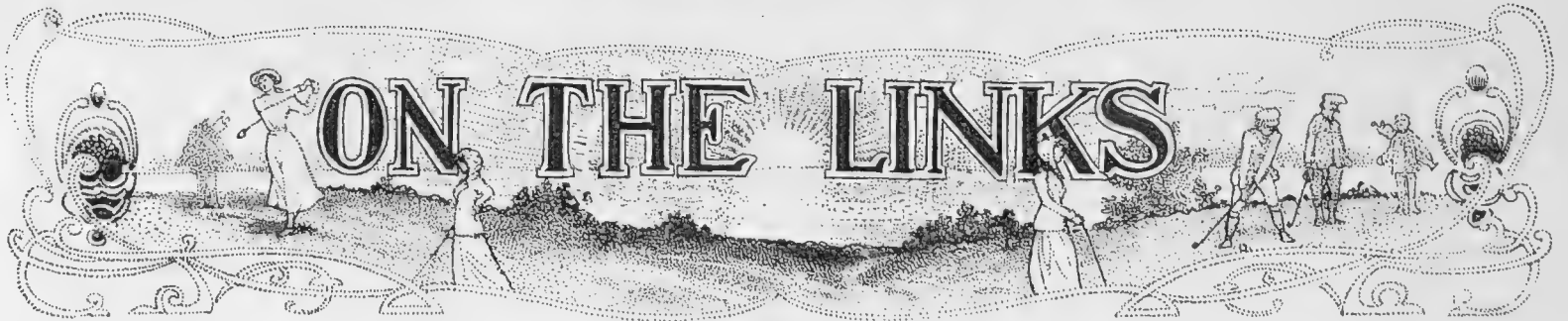


THE AUTHORITY FOR THE ARMOUR TO BE WORN BY THE JOAN OF ARC OF THE ARMY PAGEANT: THE PIECE OF MIDDLE FIFTEENTH CENTURY TAPESTRY IN THE ORLEANS MUSEUM, WHICH IS THE EARLIEST REPRESENTATION OF THE MAID. In this tapestry Joan is shown wearing white plate armour, under a huque, or overall, of some rich fabric. It is certain that she did not wear chain mail, for not only was it not in favour at the period, but it would have been far too heavy for a woman.

season, when two or three dozen birds have gone off to pair, and have quite forgotten the time when they were fed by hand until they could fend for themselves, and then treated with the courtesy and consideration that few partridges can hope to receive.—MARK OVER.

the liveliest little creatures imaginable. I have generally kept them in a long closed run on the grass for the first week or two, and then opened the end of their roomy prison. They will run out and stray a little, but will return to the mother-bird until they are nearly half-grown, and then they accept the rule of the largest and strongest of their company, and move off. But they never fly very far, and never become really wild; indeed, they keep so close to their own birthplace, and seem so much a part of the poultry-yard, that it is quite impossible to shoot them. While they will not let you come up to them, they will only fly a few yards, and then settle down in fashion that suggests a polite request that they may not be disturbed. In a year when birds are scarce it is at times a little annoying to see two or three coveys claiming the rights of hospitality. But the reward comes with the next





By HENRY LEACH.

**New Golfers.** This is one of the two periods in the year when the new golfers are being hatched. It is, next to impossible to calculate, even roughly, the number of entirely new players who are drawn into the game every year, but it is something enormous; and, working on the fact that there are supposed to be about 300,000 players of the game in Britain, and that probably seven per cent. or so are new each season, and also having made some examination of the lists of elections at various clubs, one comes round to the idea that there must be twenty thousand converts to the game every twelve moons. A large proportion of this number come in now because it is just at the beginning of the season and is a very suitable time, and they get the full benefit of annual subscriptions to the clubs; while they have also had the advantage of the arguments of the old-established golfers, who have not been getting so much of the game as usual, and have been talking about it to everybody instead. The other chief time of conversion is shortly before the summer holiday period. You find the raw recruits, knowing not the difference between a stymie and a cleek, coming in by the thousand then, all keen on the idea that they are going to have something special to do

it; but golf, after all, teaches youngsters better things than some of its enemies say it does. And this is the time of the year when the boy at school is fired with the idea of becoming a golfer. It is through him that the whole question comes upon me now, for I have just had an appeal from a gentleman of some distinction to tell him what clubs he must buy for the boy. It is a frequent question, and the answer in the case of the boy is the same as in that of the grown-up beginner. Get as few clubs as possible to begin with, and see that they are well chosen, with the assistance, if possible, of a golfing friend of experience. Don't take his advice about the number of clubs to be secured, because he has not, perhaps, thought the matter out very well; but let him determine whether a club is good or bad. The clubs should be five in number—a brassey, a cleek, a fairly straight-faced iron, a well-laid-back and lighter iron, and a putter. This selection will cause astonishment to some people who play, but it is very sound.

**Functions of Five.** The brassey will do to drive and play seconds with, and it should not be long in the shaft. The cleek must be mastered at the beginning; if it is not, then it often never is. The functions of the more

THE TEMPORARY CLUB HOUSE.



GOING TO THE FIRST GREEN.

when they go off to the seaside. For the rest, the new blood just trickles in steadily all the year round. Anyhow, it means that we must probably have the best part of ten thousand people all being initiated to the game round about the present time, and full of hope and eagerness, having found a new and great interest in life. Poor beggars! I always congratulate the newcomers, and do it most sincerely, for they have that new interest, and it will be a great and delightful one. But they have so many sorrows and worries in front of them as well! Within a month they will be catching it.

**Their Clubs.** But the great question of

the moment is how these men should be armed with clubs. I am told that the club-makers of St. Andrews and elsewhere have been working day and night for a long time past, making new clubs in response to the enormous demand that there is for them just now. The beginner, and even the man of a season's experience, is generally in a very serious state of doubt on this point, and other people who are more so are the fathers of boys who have determined to try the game. It is, perhaps, a good thing in some ways that boys at school are discouraged from playing the game, since it means neglect of cricket and football if they do play



THE SIXTH TEE.



THE SEVENTEENTH TEE.

#### A GOLF-COURSE IN THE MOUNTAINS: THE NEW LINKS AT SOSPEL, NEAR MENTONE.

Mentone's new golf-course is situated in the Valley of Sospel. It was arranged that the formal opening of the club house should take place this month, but play began on the links last month. The course, which is some 2000 feet above sea-level, is 5000 yards long, the bogey being 76. It is extremely sporting.

upright-faced of the two irons are obvious, and the other iron has to be used as a mashie as well. Young players are pampered too much with laid-back clubs. Certainly the men of experience need them to get the proper results, but it is a mistake to make the game too easy for the beginner. Make him learn to get the ball up with this iron, and then it will be a simple thing later on with the mashie. "But where is the niblick?" some people ask in surprise—the very club that the beginner will need most! Well, if he will get into bunkers, make him learn to get out of them with the iron again. Teach him to golf on a Spartan system, as we might call it. When his time comes

for a full set of clubs he will then do good work with them. At a pinch I would cut his number of clubs down to four, depriving him of the heavy iron; while in a very thorough case of early preparation I might even make him learn to putt with his cleek. But generally I would give him a chance of forming an attachment to his first putter. This selection was made with much thought and in consultation with a very eminent player, and it has been acted upon hundreds of times with satisfactory results. Too often the prospects of the beginner are spoiled by his having too many clubs, and looking to them to make the shots instead of to himself.

# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

## The "Star" Aeroplane.

Last week I drew attention to the interesting fact that Messrs. Humber, Ltd., had embarked very largely in the aeroplane business, and could actually at the moment supply any anxious person with an aeroplane from stock. But, apparently, the big Coventry house is not to have the field all to itself, at least so far as motor-car manufacturers are concerned. The Star people at Wolverhampton, the builders of that machine of celerity which put up so good a fight against the 20-h.p. Vauxhall at Brooklands some time since, have built, or have had built, a monoplane, something akin to M. Latham's "Antoinette," which is to be engined with a motor identical in every way to that fitted to the "Star" car just quoted. Although referred to as an engine of 15-h.p., the car-engine has, I know, given something over 30-h.p. on the brake. An interesting attempt is made to obtain stability in the "Star" monoplane by controlling all the movements of the aeroplane from the steering-

beam thrown by a Goldenlight reflector is undeniable, and needs only to be seen to be believed. At the same time, these yellow-toned rays, while showing up every detail on the road, are nevertheless so soft in character that the glaring effect is quite absent. One can look right into the beam without annoyance or blinding. When Goldenlights come into general use, they will go far to abate the prejudice of the non-motoring public against headlights.

## L.C.C. Motorphiles Wanted.

Although petrol may enjoy a meed of representation in the House of Commons, and no member has been returned on a motorist-exterminating ticket, it is just a question whether some of the motor bodies should not bestir themselves to obtain the election of motorphile members on the London County Council. So far as we motorists are concerned, that body is largely powerful for harm, and we have no sort of guarantee that through bye-laws, and other



A MOTOR-CAR AS A CADGER: HAWKS IN POSITION IN THE CAR.

Hawking, one of the oldest of sports, has come under the spell of modernity, as may be seen by this car, which has been specially adapted for falconry. The cadge—that is to say, the perch upon which the hooded hawks are seated—which originally was carried by a man, now finds place in the car. A box cadge is used. The car, which is of 15-20-h.p., was originally a touring-car with an open detachable body. It is curious to note that, originally, the man who bore the cadge was known as the cadger.

Photograph by W. A. Rouch.

wheel. It is said that these methods are quite novel, so their demonstration will be awaited with interest.

## Continental Fabric at Heliopolis.

I noticed lately, in one of the technical flying journals, a complaint to the effect that the shrinkage of the fabrics used for forming the planes distorted the framework of the plane's fuselage, etc., and upset all adjustments. This grumbler could hardly have experimented with the Continental aeroplane fabric, which is absolutely warranted against this most undesirable defect. The Continental aeroplane fabric has gained the confidence of all the experts, for I note that no fewer than eight of the thirteen aeroplanes competing lately at Heliopolis were made with this material. By the way, nothing of a very startling nature, except the quadruple breaking of the five-kilometres' record in eight days, took place at the above-mentioned place. It was left ultimately at 4 min. 13.5 sec., by Jacques Balsan, on his Blériot. Rougier rose to a height of 840 ft., and covered altogether 137 miles.

## Golden Light.

"Golden plate" is, I think the term applied to a coating for motor-lamp reflectors which is just about to be put upon the market by the well-known makers of the Perfect Speed-Indicator, Messrs. S. Smith and Son, of 9, Strand, W.C. I must not be taken as suggesting that the material to be deposited on the reflectors will be sold by this firm, but lamps so fitted and called "Goldenlight." The superior definition of the

insinuating things, matters may not be made even more uncomfortable than they are now, for those who are obliged to keep their cars on L.C.C. territory. There was no suggestion of tempering the wind to the shorn lamb in the manner in which the Council endeavoured to extract smart money last year from those motor-car owners who did not drive straight from the body-builders to a post-office to take out a license. I know the fine-hunger of these cormorantic gentlemen was presently stayed by a test-case; but I often wonder how many motorists were bluffed out of that guinea fine?

## The Engine of the Future—No Engine at All.

Many motorists, equally with aviators, must feel interest in, even though they be sceptical of, the suggestive prognostications of M. Marcel Joliot, the well-known French engineer, which appeared in last week's issue of the *Aero*. I am, however, quite with M. Joliot when he says the four-cycle reciprocating engine must disappear, and, after that, the perfected two-cycle engine which will temporarily replace it. This luminous Frenchman just temporarily countenances rotary motors with rotary pistons, and looks steadily beyond the era of this type to the gas-turbine with the single lubrication of the shaft. After the turbine has reduced motor weight to 400, or even 200, grammes per horsepower, and brought speed to 500 kilometres (300 miles) per hour, then we are to come to the reaction motor, *sans* discs, *sans* moving parts, *sans* even a propeller. This, of course, is the "vril" of Bulwer Lytton, or the "cavorite" of H. G. Wells.

[Continued on a later page]



# CRACKS OF THE WHIP

BY CAPTAIN COE.

## Jockeys.

As Madden and Halsey have retired from the saddle, and Dillon has put on weight, good-class heavy-weight jockeys will have a big chance to earn plenty of riding fees this year. D. Maher will, I expect, ride as often this season as he did last; but he will not take the risk of wasting, and I do not blame him. He is very fit just now, after a course of ski-ing and curling at Davos Platz, and the same can be said of J. H. Martin, who, luckily, does not have to get weight off to enable him to ride in races. Martin will get some fine chances this year with Joyner's horses, and it is said that, if available, he will ride Sir Martin in his engagements. Walter and Willie Griggs will get plenty of riding, and the first-named should run up a fair record, as it is said that Morton has a fine stable of horses this year. Frank Wootton is looking very well after a stay at Torquay. He will ride for the Hon. George Lambton's stable this year, which means that he will have to steer the good horses and the bad ones, and this may militate against his average somewhat; but he is a champion jockey, and can be relied upon to run up a big score of successes. Indeed, I think he will again top the list of winning jockeys in 1910. Frank's younger brother, Stanley, has come on by leaps and bounds, and is certain to be in great demand, especially for handicaps. At one time many thought Stanley would never develop into a successful jockey, but, directly he was given good chances, he showed that he could play the game quite as well as his brother. Stanley is a jockey who should pay well for following during the coming flat-race season.

## Futures.

There have been no Lincoln Handicap horses tried up to the present. As a result, no commissions have come into the market, and it is impossible, therefore, to guess at owners' intentions. I am told that Kakadu will turn out to be the best of the Newmarket lot for this race. He is doing good work under the eagle eye of F. Day, and has been hustled about in all weathers throughout the winter. The horse has, it is said, made great improvement. It must be a near thing between Ednam and Kakadu, on their autumn form at Lincoln, and I know Ednam was last year said to be several pounds better than Rathlea. Ednam will be ridden by Plant for the Lincoln Handicap, and he has been backed by the professional plungers for small sums. Of the pair trained by Lewis (Christmas Daisy and Canonite) I think the last-named will be the choice, as Christmas Daisy has been practising over hurdles. Canonite is favourably handicapped, and I

should think the Netheravon people would avail themselves of this grand opportunity to win a big handicap. Very little has been done over the Grand National. I think Cackler will be the best of Mr. Assheton-Smith's trio, and if he stands up he will go very close. Judas, trained by Mr. Persse, is a great tip. He finished second last year, and will this time be ridden by A. Anthony, who, it will be remembered, won on Ambush II. Another horse that is much talked about is Atrato, owned by Lord St. David. He has been on the shelf for a long time, but is said to be sound once more.

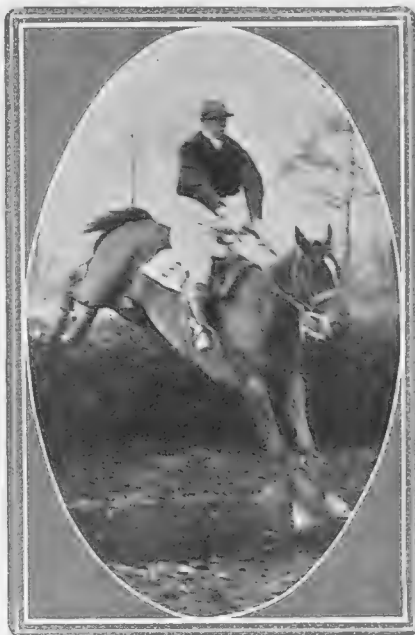
## Dividends.

The Sandown Park Racecourse pays a dividend of about 7 per cent. per annum. The capital issued is £260,000.

There are also debentures for £84,000, bearing interest at 4½ per cent. The gross income for this company in 1908 was £86,198 12s. 10d. In the case of Kempton Park, the capital is only £42,000, and the dividend for the year ending Oct. 31, 1909, was 33 per cent. per annum. It will thus be seen, on comparison, that Sandown earns a lot more than Kempton. The capital of Hurst Park is £70,000. In addition, there are debentures for £29,000 bearing interest at 4 per cent. The property is freehold, and cost £74,000, and the assets of the company in July 1909 were £128,826 19s. 3d. For the past fifteen years this company has paid dividends of 10 per cent., but it should be added that the company is not allowed to pay more, as it was started after the rule, passed by the late Mr. James Lowther, under which no racecourse company promoted after the passing of the law should be allowed to pay more than 10 per cent. in dividends in any one year. The Manchester course used to pay as much as 45 per cent. per annum in dividends, but I do not think it earns quite as much now. One of the best-paying courses is that at Alexandra Park, while the present Duke of Richmond once told a colleague of mine that Goodwood Racecourse was his father's best-paying farm. In the matter of takings, Ascot comes a long way first. On the other hand, the bulk of the money goes in enriching the races. Doncaster, too, is a big dividend-earner, and the same may be claimed for Epsom, which could be made to produce a great deal more in the matter of entrance. Many of Tattersall's and the cheap rings could be enlarged, and the paddock brought nearer to the stands. Gatwick, I believe, does very well; and Lingfield deserves to prosper, as Mr. Bob Fowler works hard to provide interesting sport for his patrons.



RUNNING BEFORE DEATH: A FOX LEAVING THORPE SPINNEYS. The fox shown was one of several found the other day by the Bicester Hunt.—[Photograph by Topical.]



A NEW RACING LAW IN BEING: A COMPETITOR CARRYING A NUMBERED SADDLE-CLOTH. There has come into operation a new law by which each competitor at a race-meeting must carry a numbered saddle-cloth. Racing authorities must provide these cloths; but trainers may use their own sets if they prefer to do so.—[Photograph by Topical.]



AN INVOLUNTARY SOMERSAULT: ASSYRIAN THROWS MR. V. H. SIMON AT THE THIRD FENCE AT LINGFIELD. Photograph by G. Muggeridge.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

# WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Love and the  
Author.

Why the fact that a man is an author should make his amours a matter of transcendent interest is not clear, yet amazing is the sempiternal curiosity we show about the loves of the romancers and the poets. When shall we ever tire of talking and writing about Shakespeare and the Black Lady, about Alfred de Musset and Georges

Sand, about Harriet, Mary, and Shelley, about Byron and Lady Caroline Lamb? But the mystery which surrounds Dean Swift and his relations with the immortal Stella and Vanessa transcends all others in interest. This bitter and corrosive genius proved himself the Prince of Platonists in his relations with his ward and pupil, "Stella" Johnson. Professor Stanley Lane-Poole has recently shown that the story of his marriage with her is not proved, and that, though she presided at his parties at the Deanery, in Dublin, they lived apart, and that he regarded her as a dear and intimate friend, and not as a wife or lover. In any case, she bore his treatment of her better than did "Vanessa," who, after a stormy love-affair with Swift, died of a broken heart. We linger over these details of a priest in high places because he was the greatest satirist that these islands have ever produced. That this

misanthropic and ferocious lampooner should have enjoyed the absolute devotion and life-long worship of two handsome and intelligent women is one of those strange ironies which confront us so often in the lives of famous men. The key to the puzzle lies in the fact that a great man has two faces—"one to face the world with, one to show a woman when he loves her."

The Women Who  
Cheat at Cards.

Not being a "bridger," I have no personal knowledge of the ways of women at the card-table, but I am assured—chiefly by men—that their elderly feminine partners or opponents are often caught red-handed in the act of cheating. These ladies may be wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice, they may bear names which resound through English history; yet in order to have the ephemeral pleasure of winning, they will jeopardise their good reputation. It is significant of the progress which we have made in the standard of feminine honour that I do not think you could find, in the length and breadth of the land, a girl or young married woman who would nowadays make a practice of cheating at the card-table. It is essentially a mid-Victorian vice, and it is largely the fault of the men of that period, who smiled and connived at the trickery, though they invariably talked of the offenders behind their backs. It is certain that women, playing together, do not allow each other to manoeuvre with the cards. The masculine attitude towards this odious habit was that of the Superior Being who did not altogether dislike seeing in women the turpitudes which we associate with subject and enslaved peoples. Now that things are being more equalised, some of these elderly gentlemen are astounded to find that the woman of the twentieth century is every whit as honourable about games and about money as they are themselves. There is no doubt that

cricket and hockey have taught the modern girl—as they have long taught the boy—that they must, in every relation of life, "play the game."

The Novelist and  
Real Life.

There is no greater mistake than for a novelist to take some strange experience which he has heard of or lived through and turn it into a romance. If it is anything like as amazing as real life, it will not serve the turn of the circulating libraries, nor wear an air of probability to the youngest critic or publisher. "Fiction," it has been said by a recent biographer of Shelley, "must be always less strange than reality, because it has to convince." When we hear some cynical, fantastic, inexplicable story which has happened within our own ken, often enough the first thought is how improbable and impossible it would seem on a printed page. For explanation of the mysteries of human action we blame the Zeitgeist, environment, propinquity, the march of new ideas; but we know well enough that the audacities and cynicism of real life would never appeal to us in fiction or make an enduring work of art. The novelist must be at once more artistic, more reticent, and more profoundly true to the eternal good in human nature than individual men and women are apt to show themselves.

The "Rush."

The psychology of "rushing," the cerebral pleasure which we get out of our modern tumultuous lives, would be a curious study if we ever had a moment in which to think of it. London has always been a city at fever-heat of pleasure and excitement, and even in the eighteenth century Gibbon wrote that he was obliged to withdraw himself from "the tumult of the town." But the "rush" at the end of the seventeenth-hundreds must have been as the march of a snail to that of a sixty-horse power Mercedes.

When people travelled then, they did not run off to Bulawayo, but to Bath, and going to Tunbridge Wells was as much a change and adventure as going to Teheran. Country visits lasted for three weeks or a month, instead of from Saturday evening to Monday morning. Nowadays, if we have not time to get any lasting impression or to enjoy our brief outings in themselves, we undoubtedly take a perfunctory—though exhausting—pleasure in the "rush" which has to be undergone to accomplish them.



[Copyright.]

A TEA-GOWN WITH BODICE AND PANELS OF LACE OVER NINON.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)



[Copyright.]

A WEDDING-DRESS OF EMBROIDERED NINON-DE-SOIE WITH CHEMISETTE AND SLEEVES OF LACE.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)



## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

### The Militant View.

It will be seen that our sex has adopted the "Chantecler" fashion, not that of the hen pheasant. "Signs of the times," say the Suffragettes, who do not leave the crowing to the men, nor the fighting either. No nestling under the wing of Chantecler for them; they are out on their own, and wear his scalp as a token of victory. Possibly they prefer to the old saw, "A whistling wife and a crowing hen are neither good for God nor men," Mrs. Poyser's pertinent remark in "Adam Bede" that "men are as conceited as a cock that thinks the sun rises every morning to hear him crow." Personally, I imagine that the extreme "Chantecler" modes are rather too much for Englishwomen. Modified, they will undoubtedly have a vogue. This, if only for the practical reason that cock's feathers are not perishable, and are pretty.

### Golf, Good Looks, and Light.

It is no longer fashionable for women to evade the light. They can bear it now. Exercise and fresh air are the chief reasons. We play golf, which is made possible and very pleasant in winter and in early spring on the Cornish Riviera, yearly becoming more a blessing to us. The clear atmosphere, the longer days, and the ideal links are all joys that we appreciate. There is no trouble about getting there, the trains are splendid, and there is now comfortable accommodation for visitors.

### Rich in Having Such a Jewel.

There are ornaments and there is jewellery. The two are by no means synonymous. The latter may be valuable, but is not necessarily becoming. Happily—we owe it largely to the enterprise of Messrs. Mappin and Webb—gems are nowadays, in this London of ours, set artistically and made up into real ornaments, such as accord with the vastly improved taste in style and dress of British womanhood. They are designs by real artists, born and trained, into which the finest stones are set to the best advantage by the most skilled workmen. Illustrated on this page are two examples of this—a diamond brooch, which can be worn as a pendant or a hair-ornament, and a pendant in finest diamonds. It will be seen that in the brooch the large stones are given their due value harmoniously with lovely design. They do not barbarously claim attention because of their size and worth. The whole is finished with an exquisite pear-shaped pearl, which appeals as being the right thing in the right place. The pendant is a perfect marvel of fine knife-edge and milligraine work, designed with rare artistic feeling, while the stones, most carefully chosen, are all of great beauty. Again, in this case, the large ones are dropped into just the places where they should be to perfect the balance of the design with real artistry. It is just this point, which makes jewels so desirable, that we see in those at 158, Oxford Street; 2, Queen Victoria Street; and 220, Regent Street, Messrs. Mappin and Webb's London establishments.

### The Princess and the Pictures.

Going quietly round the Old Masters at Burlington House the other day, catalogue in hand, quite unrecognised, and apparently greatly enjoying herself, was the Princess of Wales. Sometimes she stood long before a canvas, examining the details, so closely studied by the great painters; occasionally she returned to a picture from the study of another, as if comparing them. Her Royal Highness is a real picture-lover, as are nearly all the members of our royal family. A very quietly fashioned dark-green coat and skirt, and a dark-red hat with a smoke-grey marabout feather in it, also a wide marabout stole of the same shade, were the quite unremarkable attire worn by the Princess, who had chosen what was likely to be a slack hour to see the pictures. Lady Mary Forbes Trefusis was in attendance.

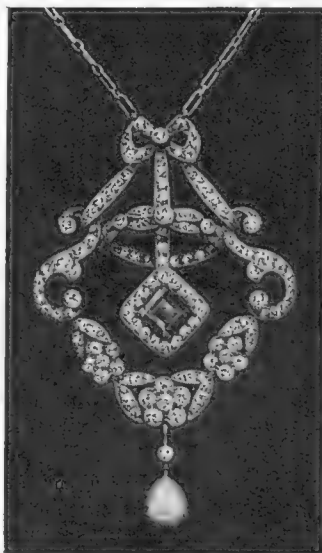
### The Back View.

A long-neglected thing is the back view. There is something very characteristic about it, something distinctive, something distinguished. For all this, our modistes seem to think that, if they give long, sweeping lines

at the back, they have fulfilled the whole duty of fashion-makers. Now they are to be brought to pay proper attention to the back view. Woman has gone to work with a hand-mirror and a long glass, and found that her back view is monotonous. There are hundreds of back views exactly the same. The result is that the creator of fashions for the coming season is trimming the backs of gowns, as well as draping them. You get the bodices caught back with a magnificent piece of embroidery on bodice and skirt; you have long lines of jewellery down the back, from the shoulders to the hem of the skirt. Some are caught across with fringes. The result will be that many a charming picture will be posed for as back view. Does a pretty woman ever appear more attractive than when she looks over her shoulder? This aspect of attractiveness is about to be materially increased.

### For the Altar and the Trousseau.

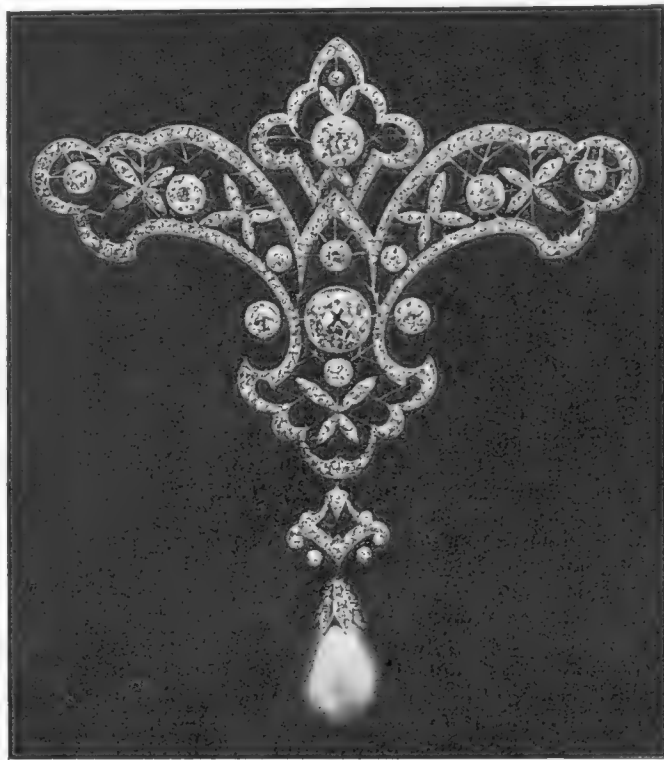
A charmingly graceful design for a wedding dress will be seen on "Woman's Ways" page. It is of embroidered ninon-de-soie, with a chemisette and sleeves of lace. The skirt is slightly draped and caught at the sides with orange-blossom. A delightfully becoming tea-gown, illustrated on the same page, has a bodice and panels back and front of lace over ninon, while at the neck and on the sleeves are collar and cuffs of black and white satin.



A DIAMOND PENDANT IN A SETTING OF FINE KNIFE-EDGE AND MILLIGRAINE WORK.

Messrs. Mappin and Webb.

Many possessors of pictures, with posthumous generosity, bequeath their treasures to the nation; but few are ready to part from them during life or to suffer the inconvenience of turning a private into a public gallery. Parquet and privacy are at once ruined. Sir Edward Tennant, therefore, has done nobly in deciding to throw open his gallery at 34, Queen's Gate. To Lady Tennant, one of the three sisters in the brilliant Wyndham group by Sargent, thanks must also be offered; for to her cares as a housekeeper are now added those of a curator. The nearest approach to Sir Edward's open-door policy was that of the late Duke of Westminster, who distributed passes of admission to Grosvenor House to tradesmen in the West End, that they, in their turn, might distribute them among the working class that would be suitably impressed by ducal magnificence. But other Dukes have been less welcoming; and the bullet-proof shutters of the Waterloo Gallery at Apsley House—sometimes called No. 1, London—are symbolical of the division commonly maintained between the man in the street and the man in the mansion.



A DIAMOND BROOCH, WITH A PEAR-SHAPED PEARL, WHICH CAN BE WORN AS A PENDANT OR A HAIR-ORNAMENT.

Messrs. Mappin and Webb.

All those who have to do with the care of grass, whether on lawns, for tennis, croquet, or bowling, or on cricket-pitches, putting-greens, football and hockey fields, or for other general purposes, will find a great store of useful information in a book called "The Practical Greenkeeper," edited by Mr. Reginald Beale, F.L.S., and issued by the well-known seedsmen, Messrs. James Carter and Co., of 237-8 and 97, High Holborn. The book, which is published annually, is in its third and enlarged edition, and its valuable articles are supplemented by numerous and attractive illustrations.

By the completion of the new line between Ashendon and Aynho, the Great Western Railway Company will shortly give effect to their scheme for shortening the distance on their route from London to Birmingham and to the Midland and Northern Counties. The first portion of this time-saving scheme was accomplished by the opening of the new line between Acton and Wycombe in 1906. The present proposal is to open the new line for local passenger traffic in May, for goods in June, and in July for express passenger trains.

A useful book of reference for all those interested in matters musical is the "Musical Directory, Annual, and Almanack," issued by Messrs. Rudall, Carte, and Co., of Berners Street. It contains a great variety of useful information, including the names and addresses of hundreds of musicians throughout the country, classified under the headings of "Soprano," "Violin," and so on, as well as an alphabetical index with names, and a complete record of the principal musical features of the past year.

## CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

*The Next Settlement begins on March 16.*

## THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

POLITICAL considerations have again dominated the markets, and the prospect of a second General Election in the course of a few months—perhaps weeks—is not liked. Of course special markets, such as the one in the shares of Rubber and Rhodesia Companies, take no notice of such puny considerations, and the promoter seems determined to make hay while the sun shines. The expectation of a big Government loan has kept Consols and other gilt-edged securities very quiet, despite the exceeding cheapness of money; Yankees have suffered from Mr. President Taft's talk of anti-combination legislation; and Argentine Railway traffics have not, to use a mild word, been exactly encouraging; but the flow of new concerns continues unabated, and we counted in one issue of a daily paper lately seven Rubber Companies with capitals aggregating nearly a million and a half, to say nothing of several miscellaneous concerns with an aggregate of as much again. The pace is getting very hot; we only wonder how long it can last.

## HITHER AND THITHER.

They were in a Regent Street tea-shop—a young lady with an attendant swain.

She was admiring a beautiful half-hoop ring. "Jack, what extravagance!" she exclaimed. "Whatever made you buy it?"

"Rubber, my dear," said he, slipping it on to a fair finger.

"Only two bob a time," said the man with the stubbly beard in the omnibus. "Had a couple of hundred, and doubled my money."

"I had a little dash at 'em myself," returned his comrade. "Sold my shares at ninepence profit and saw 'em go up another half-crown. Rotten!" And he groaned hollowly.

"Got any book on Rubber Companies?" asked a man, in evident excitement, as he entered the shop where we were buying a magazine.

The assistant showed him two or three, and the customer bought a couple of each sort. "Good investment, I hope," he said cheerily, as the volumes were being tied up.

The bank-clerk tossed over his allotment of Brazilian Conversion scrip with a sigh. "Better let it go," he remarked.

"Why?" asked the young broker. "And why do you regret taking a small profit?"

"I can't afford to take it up, but all our customers are buying it. I heard my chief say that the half-crown premium would easily grow into two or three points. Still, it's got to go."

"Yes, yes. Yes, I'm the War Office. No, don't let them cut us off, for goodness' sake! Eh? Sell 'em? No fear! Surprise are going to thirty shillings for a dead cert. One of our men here—"

"In off the red in the top right-hand pocket," declared the man who was playing Nomination. "Oh, look at it! Shows you what I was thinking about."

"Yankees?" inquired the other, chalking his cue.

"Yes. I'm a bull of Missouri."

"Missouri—Miss— Oh! I see. Not at all bad, old boy. Squeeze me and I'll giggle. Cut a loss?"

"Worse than that. I've a decent profit and don't know whether to take it. If I let them run, they'll go down, and that would be a — Fluke!" he finished, referring to a shameless one of his opponent.

"Dear Sir," dictated the broker, "in reply to your favour of yesterday, in which you ask for a good speculative investment, we would suggest Mexico North-Western 5 per cent. Bonds at 84½. The coupons are due in March and September; the security—while not, of course, gilt-edged—is reasonably sound; and the yield is high. We are of opinion that the price will advance to the neighbourhood of 90. Yours faithfully—"

## THE TRINIDAD OILFIELDS, LTD.

We understand that a Company under the above title will shortly be issued to acquire oil and other mineral rights over some 3800 acres of land in the Guapo district of the island of Trinidad. Of these lands, over 3000 acres will be held direct from the Crown, and the balance from the owners of two private estates in the immediate vicinity. According to the information at our disposal, three wells (the deepest just over 700 feet) have been sunk, and rich oil has been struck in all of them, so that the new Company will not need to make a large outlay on prospecting, and its chief function will be the development of the oil-deposits already explored

and the marketing of the product. The oil properties are within six miles of the seaboard, hence the cost of transportation will be very low, while a good market is said to be assured in Jamaica, the Barbadoes, British Guiana, and other adjoining ports; but, above all, a demand by the British Admiralty for liquid fuel is anticipated, and it is significant that by the provisions of the Crown leases, under which the bulk of the property is held, the lessees are (when in a position to do so) bound to supply oil to the Admiralty upon fair terms.

The cost of production is estimated by experts at 15s. a ton, with every prospect of falling to 5s. in the course of time, while the average output of the property is expected to be about 3000 tons a month during the first year, and 6000 tons in the second. The enterprise has been exhaustively reported upon by Sir Boverton Redwood and Messrs. Thompson and Hunter, oil experts, of 3, Lombard Street, and their reports will no doubt be in the hands of the public when the prospectus makes its appearance; in the meanwhile, we may say that Sir Boverton Redwood's report shows that, after the removal of the petrol and illuminating oils, the residue of about 60 per cent. is available as a fuel-oil of high flash-point. The board will consist of well-known City men, and we understand 175,000 shares of £1 each will be offered for subscription, the whole of which have been underwritten at a commission of 5 per cent. in cash and 1 per cent. in shares, so that, after paying for the properties, not less than £100,000 will be available as working capital.

## THE "MINING MANUAL."

We have received the twenty-fourth edition of this excellent book, which Mr. Skinner has published for so many years, and which we can highly recommend to such of our readers as may require an exhaustive and up-to-date book of reference on Mining matters.

The book contains particulars of 3600 Mining Companies, and we have tried in vain to find any Company whose shares are known on this market which is not to be found either in the body of the work or the index. The information is surprisingly up to date, and contains all published information up to and including dividends payable in January 1910.

Full records of crushings and yields of all the principal mines are given in tabulated form, and a very full list of directors, secretaries, and mining engineers is added, which makes the book very complete. The price is 15s. net, and the book can be obtained through all booksellers, or from the publishers at 11 and 12, Clement's Lane, London, E.C.

## MAPLE AND CO., LTD.

The report of this important Company has just made its appearance, and will prove satisfactory to the shareholders, who may well compare it with similar documents issued by many of its competitors. The profits for the year ending Dec. 31, 1909, reach the sum of £127,666, and after paying 12½ per cent. on the Ordinary shares, a balance of £26,653 is carried forward against £6069 brought in from last year, while the reserve is increased by £13,333, and now stands at the very fair total of £381,483.

The enterprise and success with which this fine business has for so many years been carried on is reflected in the satisfactory figures we have briefly summarised above, and the shareholders must be hard to please if they do not heartily congratulate the directors on the results of their management during the year 1909.

*Saturday, Feb. 19, 1910.*

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.*

*Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.*

NAT.—The Company is very small, and no particulars are published. The office is 85, Gracechurch Street. Write to the secretary and ask for information. If you will send us 2s. to pay expenses we will see what is to be found at Somerset House.

LYON.—"Q" will only write notes when he has what he considers reliable and special information; hence he has said nothing of the Companies you name. The first is a Borneo concern, and will not begin tapping till 1911. We have as yet little experience of how rubber trees yield there. The second is in a good district, but is a Mining as well as Rubber Company. If you will hold, not for speculation but for results, both are reasonable ventures.

H. F.—(1) The firm you want is Messrs. N. Keizer and Co., 31, Threadneedle Street, E.C. (2) Have no dealings with the people you mention.

SERO.—We look upon it as a gamble. If the Rubber boom lasts you will probably get a better price; but it seems to us very nearly overdone!

## MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Leicester, Gallvata may win the Wislow Hurdle; Putchamin, the Kilby Hurdle; Varsity, the Spring Steeplechase; and Moonstruck, the Worksop Steeplechase. At Hooton, Abelard should win the Rossmore Flat Race, and Flutterer the Hooton Steeplechase. At Gatwick these should go close: February Steeplechase, Sachem; International Hurdle, Magon; Gorse Hurdle, Old Nick; Tantivy Steeplechase, Butter Ball.



## THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

To Circumvent  
London.

motor traffic (there will be no other when the zone road exists), travelling from north to south, east to west, or vice-versa in both cases, to perform their journeys without passing through or along the tortuous, congested arterial routes of the Metropolis. The committee appointed under the Town Planning Act have at this moment under consideration a scheme of the kind for which Mr. D. Barclay Niven, F.R.I.B.A., is responsible. At least, that gentleman is responsible for this particular plan. Circumventing routes avoiding London were suggested, even in the early days of cycling. The points on the proposed zone are Croydon, West Wickham, Bromley, Plumstead, Seven Kings, Woodford, Chingford, Edmonton, Church End (Finchley), Wembley Park, Perivale, Brentford, Richmond, Wimbledon, and Mitcham. Coming from the North by the Great North Road and bound for Brighton, the motorist would take the zone road at Church End and hold it to Croydon, and although he would travel on the segment and not on the chord, he would assuredly make a time-saving of over fifty per cent.

**The Petrol Party.** If it is true that no fewer than 127 members of the Parliament just returned are fully fledged members or associate members of the Royal Automobile Club, one wonders just how strong is the petrol representation in the

Commons when the members who also owe allegiance to the Motor Union and the Automobile Association are taken into account. The total should certainly exceed two hundred, a very nice little effective petrol party, if only they could be linked up when required. The motor Press suggests that it should be the pressing and immediate business of the Club to consolidate this representation; but it would be better, on the whole, if one among the elected, a keen

motorist, would take upon himself the duty of Whip to the party. At the moment we are lying *perdu* in the shadows of big issues, but later we may find certain members just as anxious for repressive measures as they were in the last Parliament.



TESTING UNDER DIFFICULTIES "BY THE BONNY, BONNY BANKS O' LOCH LOMOND": AN ARGYLL CHASSIS, WITH TEST-BODY FITTED, IN THE ROB ROY COUNTRY.

Owing to the severe weather, Messrs. Argyll have recently found it very difficult to carry out the regulation tests of chassis, which usually take place along the shores of Loch Lomond. The roads are stiff enough at their best, but when snow-bound they are almost impassable. Nevertheless, an Argyll chassis, with test-body fitted, is here seen facing the elements. The mountain on the far side of the loch is Ben Lomond.

those who use them habitually that, when properly placed upon the cover and the stretch taken up from time to time, they actually add to the life of a smooth tyre, which, as everyone knows, on all but heavy cars is longer than that of the steel-studded variety. Driving a big car the other day which had all smooth treads, but a Parsons on the near-driver, I was astonished to find how well this device enabled me to hold the road at its greasiest. The diagonal chains are now made of a special kind of steel, which wears exceedingly well.

Smooth Treads and  
Parsons Chains.

There is more than a little difference in cost between steel-studded and plain-tread tyres, and but for the fear of skidding, many shallow-pursed owners would run the latter on all four wheels. I think a larger number of motorists would do this if they realised, first, the wonderful skid-resisting properties of the Parsons non-skid chains, and the improvements lately effected in these articles, by which they can now be easily and quickly fitted, and easily and quickly adjusted. I am informed by

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Assorted Samples of 12 Cigarettes post free on receipt of P.O. for 1s.

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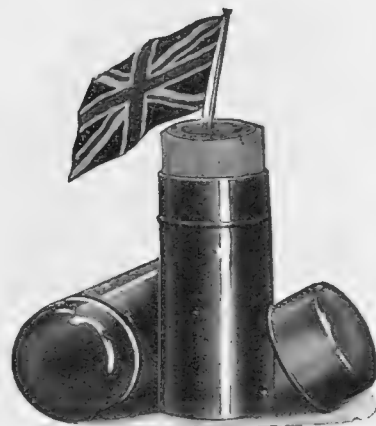
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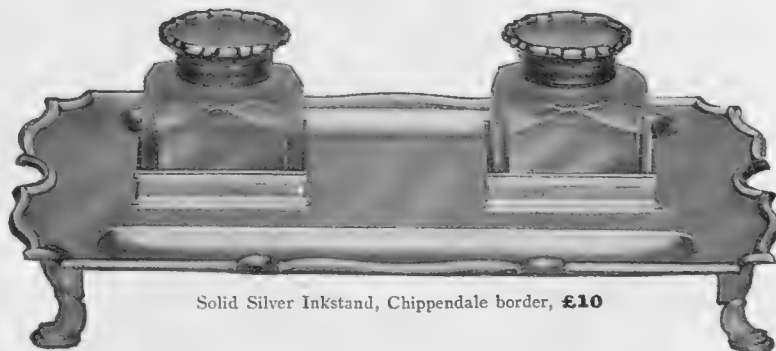


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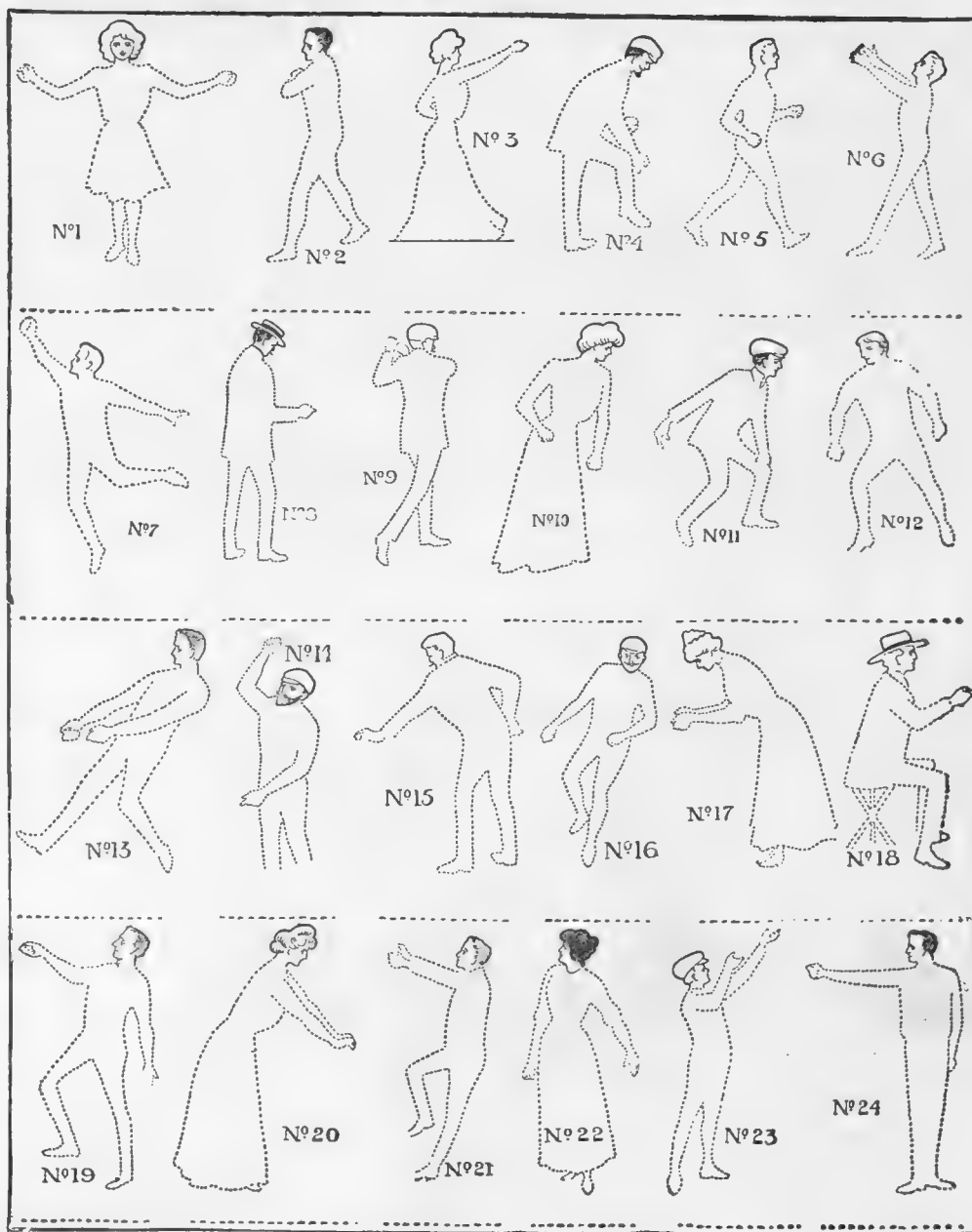
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Apart from the chances of a big prize, the Competition should prove most interesting to both young and old.

**1st PRIZE, £100;**  
**2nd Prize, £30;** **3rd Prize, £20.**



**Read carefully what you have to do, and also the Conditions.**

#### WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

The dotted outline simply indicates position or attitude of a person in the act of doing something.

All that is required is to write *one word* (in ink) underneath each of the pictures in the space provided, and describe in that *one word* what each figure is doing (see example).

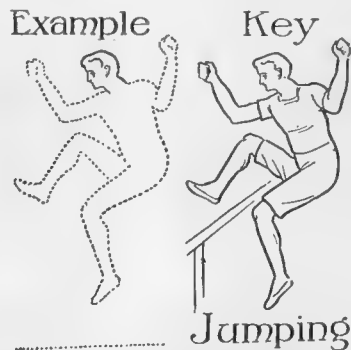
If preferred, however, competitors may give their solutions, numbered 1—24, consecutively on a sheet of paper.

Then post the set of pictures, and coupon, or the list, with name and address added, to *Competition, Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 66-68, Park Street, Southwark, London, S.E.*, accompanied by three outside wrappers of WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap. It is sold everywhere in boxes of three tablets for 1/-... Competitors may send as many lists as they like, provided each one has the requisite three wrappers attached to it and otherwise complies with these conditions, but anyone sending any other wrappers than WRIGHT'S will be disqualified.

The keys of all these figure positions, with the words describing what they are doing printed beneath each sketch, are deposited in a sealed packet, and will not be opened until the competition is closed.

If competitors cannot solve *all* the picture positions, send in as many as possible.

The words supplied by the successful competitors must be the same as those printed on our Key.



#### CONDITIONS.

Every attempt sent in will be carefully examined before awards are made. In the event of ties, prizes will be divided.

No correspondence can be entertained. The decision of the Advertising Manager will be final.

Last day for receiving replies—March 31.

Results will be advertised in the "Daily Mail" on April 30, when the complete Key to all the positions will be published.

Additional copies of this advertisement can be obtained from "Competition," Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 48, Southwark Street, S.E., on receipt of a stamped directed envelope.

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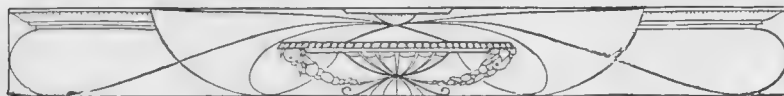
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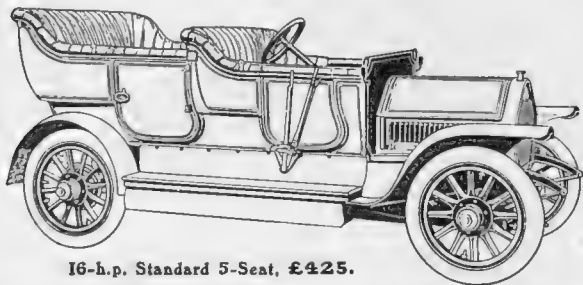
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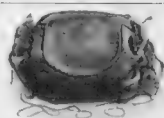
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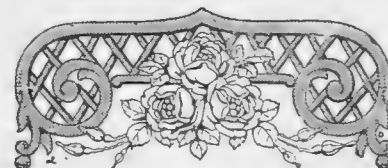
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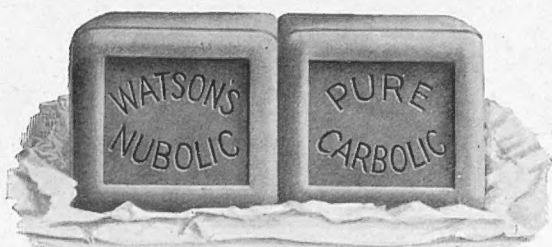
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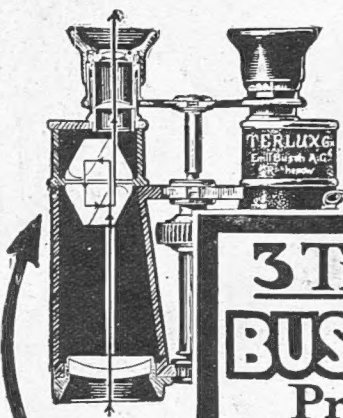
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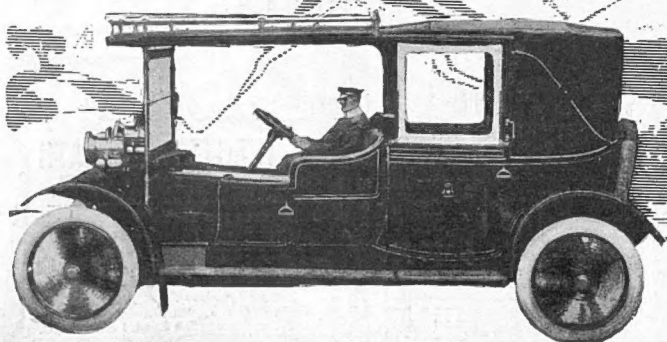
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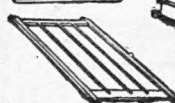
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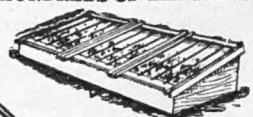


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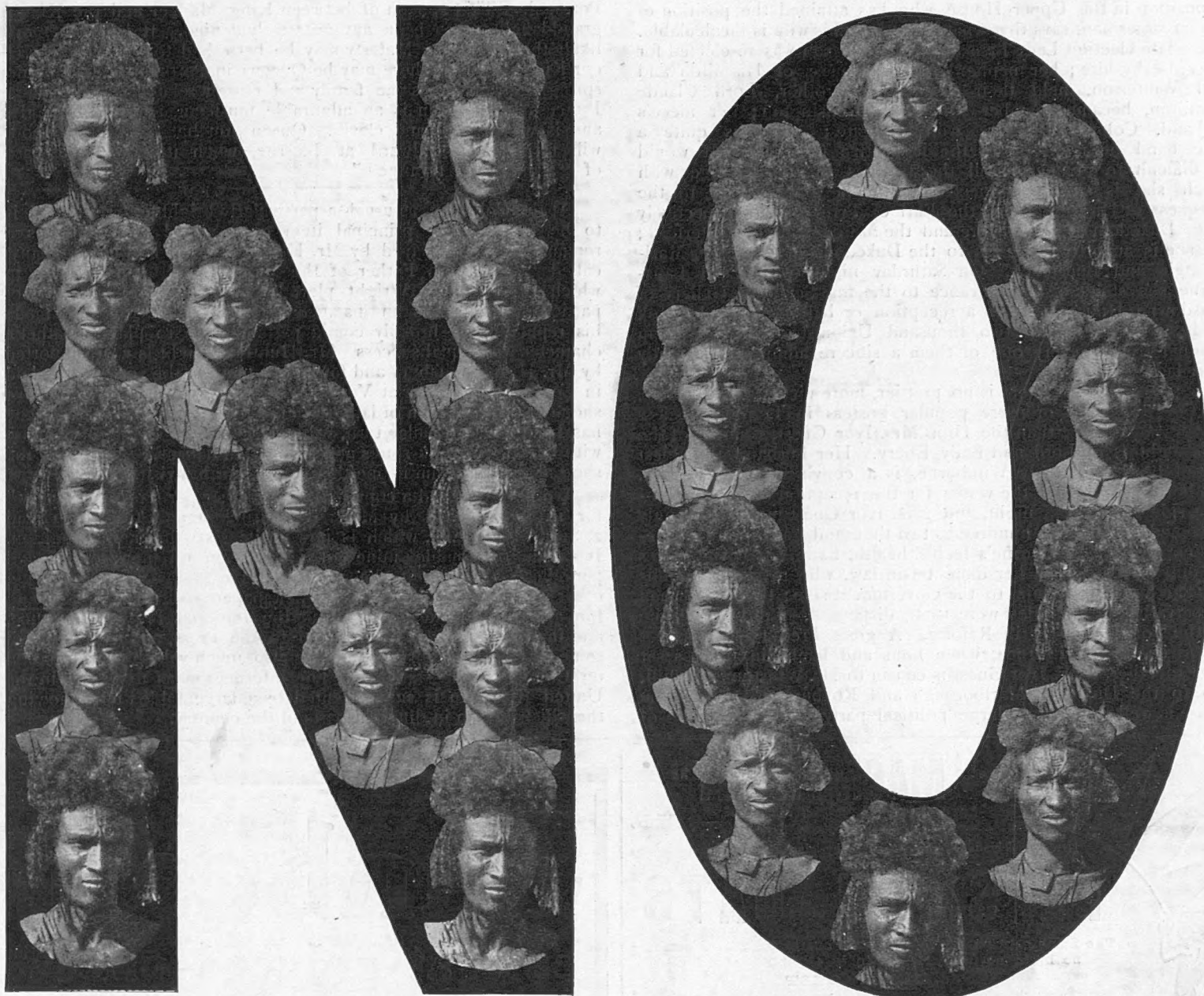
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## IN SOCIETY.

**For the Union.** The Marchioness of Lansdowne is a real Unionist, loyal to the cause nationally and domestically. Over forty years ago there was a great double wedding in Westminster Abbey, when two young Marquesses were married to two beautiful daughters of a Duke. One became, on that day, Marchioness of Lansdowne. Now the Leader of the Opposition in the Upper House, who has attained the position of a great statesman, says that what he owes to his wife is incalculable. In the late election Lady Lansdowne's elder son was re-elected for West Derbyshire; her nephews, the Marquess of Hamilton and Earl Winterton, held their seats; her brother, Lord Claude Hamilton, became member for South Kensington; her niece's husband, Colonel Rawson, won Reigate; she has quite a little band of relatives in the legislative Chamber. It would be difficult to enumerate all the families in the Peerage with which she is closely connected. She is grandmother to the Marquess of Hartington and the Earl of Tyrone, heirs respectively to the Dukedom of Devonshire and the Marquessate of Waterford; and she is aunt to the heirs to the Dukedoms of Abercorn, Marlborough, and Buccleuch. On Saturday night, with Lord Lansdowne, she stood at the entrance to the fine Sculpture Gallery of Lansdowne House, used as a reception or ball room, and shook hands with close upon two thousand Unionists, many of them personal friends, every one of them a sincere admirer of a really great lady.

**A Guest as Government Hostess.** There is no prettier, more picturesque-looking, or more popular hostess in London Society than the Hon. Mrs. Ivor Guest, younger of the two daughters of Lord and Lady Ebury. Her husband, the eldest son of Lord and Lady Wimborne, is a convinced Free Fooder. Wimborne House was the venue for the reception on the Government side on Saturday night, and Mrs. Ivor Guest most charmingly welcomed some fifteen hundred to two thousand guests. In consequence of Lord Wimborne's feeble health, Lady Wimborne leaves the duty of hostess to her daughter-in-law, who most ably fulfils it. The house is a gain to the Government side; time was when Conservative hospitalities were there dispensed. Lord Wimborne left the Tories over Tariff Reform. A great Free Food Banquet was given by him in 1904, when lions and lambs in politics sat down together. Mr. Ivor Guest is cousin to Mr. Winston Churchill, also to the Dukes of Marlborough and Roxburghe. Wimborne House is well suited for a large political party. The fine suite of

reception-rooms runs right through from Arlington Street to the Green Park. They open one on another, and beside them runs a long gallery, so that guests can circulate right round. All are on the ground floor, and they are magnificently decorated. Mr. and Mrs. Guest have many Conservative friends who went on to them from Lansdowne House at their invitation "to meet the Prime Minister."

**A Toast in Port.** It may be that an Anglo-Portuguese alliance will yet call for a toast in the good red wine of Portugal. That spoken of between King Manuel and the King's granddaughter has been authoritatively denied. It is much more likely that his young Majesty may be betrothed to a grand-niece of our King, and that there may be Queens in Portugal and in Spain springing from the same family and closely related. The young Princess in question is an admirable musician, sings charmingly, and is very bright and clever. Queen Amelia, it is understood, will meet King Edward at Biarritz, when it may be a case of "a marriage arranged."

At the Coliseum, as usual, a particularly bright entertainment is to be found. The principal item on a varied programme is a romantic episode played by Mr. Huntley Wright and his company, called "The Little Father of the Wilderness." It is a piece in which Mr. Huntley Wright played some time ago, and it is of particular interest as an instance where an actor who has made his reputation in broadly comic parts is able to play a pathetic character with equal success. Mr. Huntley Wright is well supported by Mr. H. A. Saintsbury and four other players, the scene being laid in Louis XV.'s Palace at Versailles. Among other stars who have shone at the Coliseum of late, the appearance of Miss Evie Greene has been a very popular turn, while Mlle. Fedak charms the house with her Magyar folk-songs and Hungarian dances. Altogether, the show at the Coliseum is one that is well worth a visit.

We have received a copy of the "Newspaper Press Directory" for 1910, published by Messrs. C. Mitchell and Co., of 1 and 2, Snow Hill, E.C., which is now in its sixty-fifth annual edition. It is an invaluable mine of information on newspapers and periodicals throughout the world. Its contents include, among other useful items, directories of newspapers, British, Colonial, and foreign, with indexes, articles on the Imperial Press Conference, and the Legal Year in its relation to the Press, and obituaries of some leading journalists. There is also much valuable information on Colonial trade statistics. The information as to papers in the United Kingdom is supplemented by a large folded map showing their distribution in different parts of the country.

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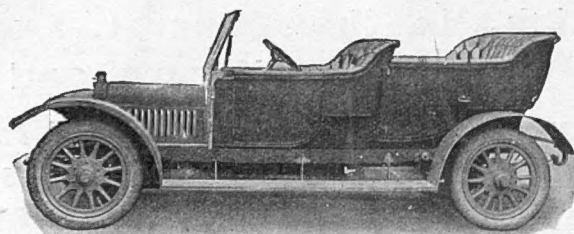
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